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NOVEMBER 2008

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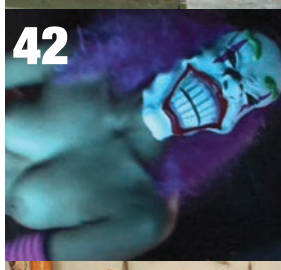

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Cover photo by Holly Randall/Suze.net

THE ELECTION: WHAT'S AT STAKE?

When you think of the things we love about our country, chances are you're thinking of laws and programs created by Democratic administrations. It was Woodrow Wilson, a Democrat, who ushered in the 19th Amendment, which established a woman's right to vote—no small matter. Democrat Franklin D. Roosevelt introduced unemployment compensation, welfare and Social Security to protect workers, children, the handicapped and the elderly. Lyndon B. Johnson, also a Democrat, gave us improved product labeling, the Freedom of Information Act and—most importantly—the Civil Rights Act.

Social programs and protections for the working class have been spotty on the Republican side of the ledger and virtually nonexistent since Ronald Reagan. In fact, starting with Reagan, past gains have consistently been pushed back or eliminated altogether. So when you ask yourself what's at stake this election cycle, the answer is simple: everything!

Larry Flynt
Publisher

BY KEITH VALCOURT

GET YOUR ROW ON

Sad truth is, hot chicks don't dig fat guys. Unless you're rich—and, face it, most of us aren't. Now comes the **Rowbike**, a new exercise device designed to involve every muscle group and get you in tip-top shape with the ultimate at-home cardio workout. Plus, it has been proven that fitness buffs work out longer when the routine is fun, and what could be more fun than riding the cool-looking **Rowbike**?

Available at **Rowbike.com**. Suggested retail price: $775.

ROBOTIC CHARM

Mr. Personality is more than just a toy—it's a cartoon character come to life. This talkative, playful, interactive robot has seven built-in sensors; a fully animated upper body; an omnidirectional, three-wheel mobile base; and a full-color LCD face screen. The latest personal robot from the fine folks at WowWee, **Mr. Personality** is sure to provide endless hours of entertainment and may even help you pick up chicks. Probably not though.

Available online at **WowWee.com**. Suggested retail price: $249.99.

WHACK OFF

The **Big Daddy Driver** may be the funniest golf novelty item ever! More than just a practice tool, the oversized club also allows you to trim grass and whack weeds as you work on your swing. Will **Big Daddy** take strokes off your scorecard? Maybe, but it will definitely make your yard look spiffier than ever. Who's your daddy?

Available at **BigDaddyDriver.com**. Suggested retail price: $49.95.

READY TO RUMBLE

The brand-new **Sony PS3 DualShock Controller** will put the old-school rumble back in your game. Every gun blast, every bump in the road and every punch radiates through your hands with this upgraded, state-of-the-art device. Not only does the **DualShock Controller** provide the ultimate gaming immersion, it also feels really good vibrating in your palm. Wait! That sounds wrong.

Available at stores nationwide. Suggested retail price: $54.99.

WIN THE GPS SNITCH

START SNITCHING

At first glance the **GPS Snitch** looks like an ordinary box, but it's so much more. We'll go so far as to say that this gizmo may become your new best friend. Wonder if your girl has been cheating on you, but you can't afford to hire a private investigator? Simply activate the **GPS Snitch** and hide it in her car. You can then log onto the manufacturer's Web site and track every move. Hey, her mother doesn't live on that side of town! Remember, even if you *think* your chick is cheating, she definitely is!

We want to help you snitch that bitch. That's why we're giving one away. See entry form below.

Available at **GPS-Snitch.com**. Suggested retail price: $399.99 plus monthly coverage.

GPS SNITCH
CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Want to find out where your lady is really going? Win this GPS Snitch, and you'll know without a doubt. For your chance to be the winner, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy—or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to GPS Snitch Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) YES ☐ NO ☐

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐ Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video Reviews

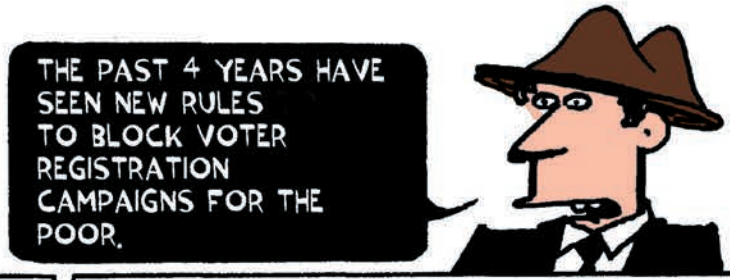
☐ Beaver Hunt ☐ Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐ Other: _____

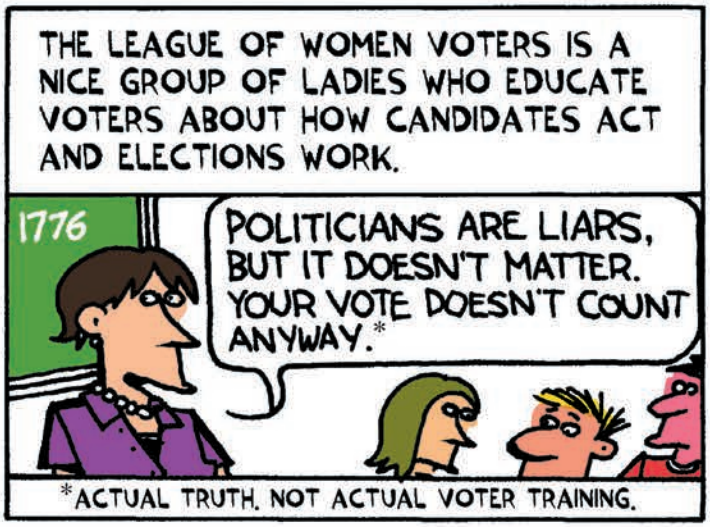
RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by October 6, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

VOTE THEFT FOR IDIOTS

Lesson 4

The fix is in for the '08 election—before the first vote has even been cast. Journalist GREG PALAST explains:

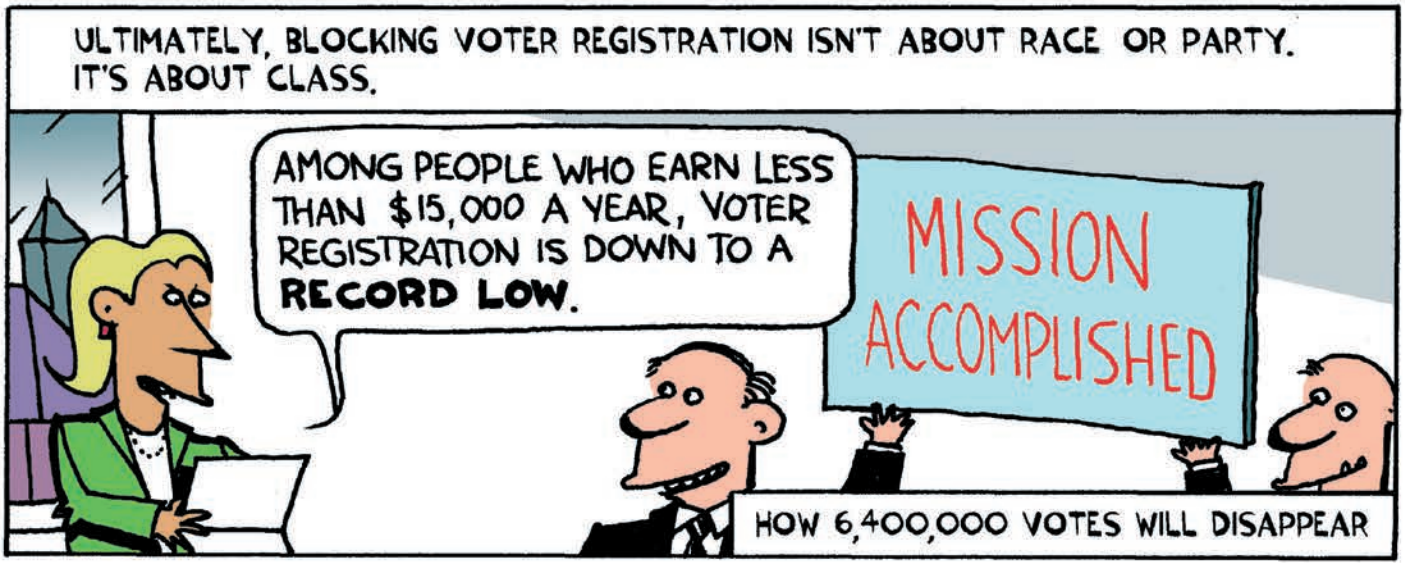



THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS IS A NICE GROUP OF LADIES WHO EDUCATE VOTERS ABOUT HOW CANDIDATES ACT AND ELECTIONS WORK.
1776
POLITICIANS ARE LIARS, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. YOUR VOTE DOESN'T COUNT ANYWAY.*
*ACTUAL TRUTH. NOT ACTUAL VOTER TRAINING.

ENCOURAGING AMERICANS TO REGISTER TO VOTE IS ONE OF THE LEAGUE'S BIGGEST GOALS.
CAN'T YOU JUST SEND ME A LINK?
REGISTER TO VOTE
Sign up! VOTE!
Coldplay

WHICH IS A PROBLEM. MANY NEW VOTERS ARE POOR AND HAVE DARK SKIN. IN OTHER WORDS, DEMOCRATS.
THOSE HOS ARE WORSE THAN OSAMA!
DON'T DISS MY CAVEBOY—HE HATES DEMOCRACY TOO!

FORTUNATELY, REPUBLICAN (AND YELLOW DOG/CRACKER/WUSSY/ DEMOCRAT) STATE OFFICIALS ARE FIGHTING BACK.
WE MAKE EVERY ITTY-BITTY REGISTRATION ERROR A CRIME. 14 MISTAKES AND THE LEAGUE IS BANKRUPT.*
JEB BUSH
*REALLY!


ULTIMATELY, BLOCKING VOTER REGISTRATION ISN'T ABOUT RACE OR PARTY. IT'S ABOUT CLASS.
AMONG PEOPLE WHO EARN LESS THAN $15,000 A YEAR, VOTER REGISTRATION IS DOWN TO A RECORD LOW.
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED
HOW 6,400,000 VOTES WILL DISAPPEAR

The Real Filthmongers: War Profiteers

THE GREEDY DEFENSE INDUSTRY HAS BECOME EVEN MORE OF A MENACE TO AMERICANS THAN IT WAS DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE COLD WAR.

I never expected to be accused of giving pornography a bad name, but it happened. That's because the word appears in the title of my new book, *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America*.

Undeniably, the hawks have weakened America by spending us into enormous debt that has made executives of Halliburton, Lockheed-Martin, Boeing and other war profiteers filthy rich while denying us funds needed to smarten up our kids, save people's homes in the sub-prime mortgage scandal and respond properly to domestic crises, like the rebuilding of post-Katrina New Orleans.

Bush was unbelievably slow to provide. So why were those talk-show guys giving me a hard time about the word *pornography*?

They were looking for something because Bush can do no wrong in their eyes, yet even the most obtuse of his apologists have a hard time making the case that a big-ticket item like the stealth F-22 fighter program—which will cost us at least $64 billion—was needed when those planes have not flown a single combat mission as of the time of this writing.

This was a reality confirmed by Secretary of Defense Robert Gates in June 2008 when he sacked the top military and civilian heads of the Air Force for, among other screwups,

Bush's roiling of the Mideast energy market has led to a fivefold increase in the price of oil during his tenure in office.

All you have to do is check on the price of gasoline to witness what utter fools we've been. Our tax dollars were used to conquer the second-largest pool of oil in the world, with the Bush Administration promising us that Iraqi oil revenue would be used to pay for the "liberation" of what has turned out to be one of the world's most unmanageable countries, thanks to our government's shenanigans.

Not only has Iraqi oil never paid us citizens back a dime, but also Bush's roiling of the Mideast energy market has led to a fivefold increase in the price of oil during his tenure in office. That Bush's imperial adventure has been an enormous loser on every count is no longer in dispute, nor can he make the claim that the high-tech arsenal that his buddies in the defense industry got paid for after 9/11 helped in the sorry Iraq or Afghan ventures—because the stuff was not used in either case. Instead, what was needed was low-tech protection for the personnel on the ground, which

pushing for a hundred more of the F-22s even though—as he pointedly told them—they served no purpose. Nor does any of the other high-tech stuff that, as sophisticated as it is technologically, is simply junk when it comes to our actual security needs.

Not so, say the lobbyists for the military-industrial complex that Dwight D. Eisenhower—the war hero general-turned-President—famously warned us about in his 1961 farewell address. As Eisenhower cautioned, weapons profiteers and the politicians who enable them want these weapons not because they make us more secure, but because they provide an excuse for ripping off taxpayer dollars.

Even these self-interested hustlers know the so-called War on Terror provides a lame excuse, however, for these Cold War-style weapons programs, so they come up with the last refuge of the defense scoundrels: "The Chinese are coming!" That's an even nuttier argument though.

First off, the Defense Department—which is charged by Congress with issuing an annual report on potential enemies—stated clearly in its last review, based on all available intelligence, that China is not even a serious regional power in Asia and will not become one for a decade to come—let alone threaten us.

Also, according to that Defense Department report, China is preoccupied with Taiwan. In case you haven't noticed, because the mass media hasn't been covering it very much, China and Taiwan are in the midst of a blooming lovefest. Direct flights and expanded tourism between the two have been initiated, and Taiwanese businessmen are already at the top of the list of investors in the mainland's booming economy.

What a joke that China charges us interest on the money we borrow from them to build weapons to combat weapons they have no intention of using!

I used *pornography* in the title of my book because the post-9/11 defense-spending spree of the Bushies is in a very real sense an obscene ripoff of the customers' dollars—and the customers happen to be all of us who are not part of the military-industrial complex. When it comes to throwing trillions of our taxpayer bucks at military hardware no longer needed after the collapse of the Soviet Union, we are being suckered.

There is no sense at all in spending more than all of the other nations in this world combined to defeat an enemy with an arsenal of box cutters and pen knives that you could buy at Home Depot for a couple of hundred bucks. No sense at all in spending more money on the military this year (in real inflation-adjusted dollars) than we ever did during the long years of the Cold War, including drawn-out hostilities in Korea and Vietnam.

Think about that con job the next time you fill up your tank for $90.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *Thinking Tuna Fish*, *Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush* and his latest, *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America*.

Good Soldier Condi Rice

THE SECRETARY OF STATE IS AS CULPABLE AS EVERYONE ELSE IN THE ADMINISTRATION WHEN IT COMES TO THE TORTURING OF SUSPECTED TERRORISTS.

Much has been made of George W. Bush's having appointed not only a black secretary of state, but also a woman. But although constantly in flight around the globe, what has Condoleezza Rice actually accomplished—aside from being a loyal conjugator of the President's chronic doublespeak?

For example, whenever questioned about her commander in chief's having given special covert powers to the CIA to operate secret prisons where terrorism suspects are waterboarded—among other violations of U.S. and international laws—as well as to kidnap alleged terrorists from the streets of other countries to be tortured in the cells of Syria, Egypt, Jordan and other CIA soul brothers, Rice perkily echoes Bush's story assurances: "The United States government does not authorize or condone torture of detainess. Torture, and conspiracy to commit torture, are crimes under U.S. law, wherever they may occur in the world."

As former White House Press Secretary Scott McClellan says of Rice in his missile of a book, *What Happened: Inside the Bush White House and Washington's Culture of Deception*, "I was struck by how deft she is at protecting her reputation. … History will judge her harshly as the person responsible for overseeing a number of the defining…policies of the Bush Administration."

Historians will take notice of references to Rice in Stephen Grey's meticulously sourced *Ghost Plane: The True Story of the CIA Torture Program*. Grey asked former U.S. Ambassador Edward Walker, "When Condoleezza Rice and the President now stand in front of people and say we don't send people to countries where they torture, are they telling the truth?"

"No," said Walker, "they're not telling the truth."

But what startlingly revealed how unclean Rice's hands are of torture was a May 20, 2008, report by a rare phenomenon in the administration: an insistently independent inspector general from the Justice Department who has been crucial in covering up Bush's unprecedented lawlessness in the sacrosanct name of national security.

On the release of Inspector General Glenn Fine's report, the American Civil Liberties Union triumphantly heralded the revelation that "officials at the highest levels of the government—including the White House—received reports on the abuse of prisoners in U.S. military custody overseas as early as 2002, [and] *today's government report is the first to identify that then-National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice received complaints of torture.*" (My emphasis.)

In addition to Rice, among the other very high-level officials who were given such proof—by aghast FBI field agents witnessing CIA torturing of prisoners—were Bush and Attorney Generals John Ashcroft and Alberto Gonzales. Worse yet, our chief law enforcers—without informing Congress or permitting judicial review—actually *authorized* these crimes. They signed off on justifying memoranda by such Justice Department lawyers as notorious John Yoo, the primary legal authority to enable the U.S. to become a torture nation.

The present attorney general, Michael Mukasey—steadfastly covering up for the ultimate lawbreaker in the White House—has also diligently tried to prevent any prosecution of the hands-on torturers in the CIA, the military or other government agencies. As he has testified in Congress, Mukasey maintains that none of these perpetrators of what our laws and the Geneva Conventions call war crimes can be held accountable because they acted on legal opinions from the Justice Department!

Under this reasoning, the circle of criminality must remain unbroken because it was the Justice Department that originally and subsequently issued opinions—classified until recently—authorizing the torturing that so appalled FBI agents in attendance that FBI Director Robert Mueller forbade his agents from taking part in those interrogations.

The no-nonsense director of the ACLU's Washington legislative office, Caroline Frederickson, responds that "the filtering up of information from FBI agents to high government officials makes claims of immunity even more incredulous."

Obviously, all these criminals—high, mid-level and underlings in the field—have nothing to worry about unless the next President and the next Congress demand and conduct investigations armed with subpoena powers. If they don't, other countries may put these rampant abusers of international law on trial.

Should that happen, there are countries that Condoleezza Rice—once she leaves government service—may decide not to visit for fear of being put on trial. She is well aware that 25 CIA agents are currently being tried in Milan, Italy—in absentia—for abducting an Egyptian Muslim from Italian soil during one of their "extraordinary renditions."

What is Condi saying these days about her role as a very major player in a foreign policy that has included sending persons under suspicion to foreign prisons, where electrodes are attached to their private parts? According to the Associated Press, on May 22, 2008, Rice—talking to Google employees at the company's California headquarters—tried at first to emphasize that immediately after 9/11 the Bush Administration was "in an environment in which saving America from the next attack was paramount."

Paramount to America's rule of law? Well, Condi said, America was in "a different place then." And with her customary resolve to keep her hands clean, the loyal servitor quickly added, "But even in that environment, President Bush made clear that we were going to live up to our obligations at home and to our treaty obligations abroad."

Indeed, as the AP reported, Rice assured her audience that even back then, "Bush's top aides had been scrupulous in making sure the early interrogations conformed to existing rules." The rules of the Spanish Inquisition or Stalin's gulags?

I have no doubt that after leaving her lofty post Rice will retain a prestigious role—perhaps as a college president—and will experience nary a pang of guilt.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and Free Inquiry. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

"It's a superior timepiece…a minute-by-minute reminder
of what's actually important in life."

Life Imitates Art... Especially in the Bedroom

PORN'S INFLUENCE ON OUR SEX LIVES

It's 1953. You have a really cool pad. Stan Kenton plays on your state-of-the-art hi-fi system. The mood is all candles and passion as you and your date lie naked after shedding endless layers of clothing. You're intent on bringing her to orgasm. Bingo! She comes, and now it's your turn. You pull out your cock, letting it explode all over her large breasts. She looks up at you with fire in her eyes and exclaims, "What the fuck do you think you're doing?!"

It's before the age of porn. Only a real pervert would think of doing such a thing. Even a blowjob is an unexpected bonus. You immediately proposed marriage to any woman who did it. Anal sex? That was for homos!

When did all these sex acts start becoming commonplace? The day "porno chic" became part of our popular culture with the 1972 debut of *Deep Throat*.

I remember sitting in the theater as I watched Linda Lovelace go down on a man, totally engulfing his dick. It was a wonder to behold. It was as if the heavens had parted. The film's director, Gerard Damiano—who'd been a sex-crazed swinger for years—told me he too had been astounded when Linda and her husband, Chuck Traynor, first demonstrated this new talent to him. Damiano came up with the idea for the entire film on the spot—that Linda had a clitoris in her throat. After that, every woman I knew was either deep-throating or trying her best. A fantasy became a bedroom fad.

One night on my radio program a guy phoned up and asked, "Is it true that women have their clitoris in their throat?" He saw it in a movie, so it must be true, right? That's when I realized we had a problem. People were adapting what they saw in porn films into their own lives without necessarily getting it right.

Sometime in the '90s, women in porn started shaving their pubic hair, probably so the audience could get a better look at what was going on. The next thing you know, there wasn't a muff to be found anywhere. Occasionally there was a heart shape or a landing strip, but for the most part the prepubescent look was in.

Pulling out and coming was common in the old stag films. It was proof the man had been pleased. Most of the time it was on the woman's belly or back. At home you did it to prevent pregnancy. The cum usually wound up on the sheet, but if it wound up on your partner, you said, "Excuse me" and wiped it off.

Coming in a woman's mouth? It didn't even happen in *Deep Throat*. All Lovelace did was wipe it on her face. Shooting cum into a woman's mouth probably didn't start until later in the '70s as porn producers struggled to provide audiences with something different.

Meanwhile, tattoos were reserved for sailors, bikers and convicts. Except for earrings, piercings on women were unheard of. The only woman I ever knew with a major tattoo in the '70s had Picasso's signature inscribed at the pubic hairline. Pretty cool, a pussy signed by Picasso.

Then tattoos started to show up in adult films. Porn stars seemed to love the now-cliché tattoo at the bottom of the spine known as a "tramp stamp." The barbed wire bracelet on the upper arm also caught on. Boy, do I want to open up a tattoo-removal business in about ten years.

Lots of now-common sexual practices are manifestations of watching porn films. Spitting on a man's dick for lube is one, tit-fucking another. New words have entered our lexicon courtesy of porn, my favorite being *MILF*, meaning "a mother I'd like to fuck." The term has become so popular, it's been uttered on TV shows like *Weeds* and *Family Guy*.

Am I complaining? No! I'm glad porn has loosened up our society. We were far too uptight sexually. However, idealizing what we see in porn is a danger. There's a tendency to feel that if something is absent in our daily lives, we must be living an unfulfilled existence. It's like the guy who compares the woman in bed with him to a centerfold in a men's magazine, wondering, *Where can I get one of them?* It's simple, asshole. Just airbrush the woman you're with.

Let's keep fantasy and reality in their proper place.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

"Fortunately, none of the victims appear to be Republicans!"

Mercenary Mercy

Your parody about Blackwater [June '08] got me thinking about mercenaries and the privatization of the military. I even went out and got the book mentioned in the parody—*Blackwater: The Rise of the World's Most Powerful Mercenary Army* by Jeremy Scahill—and read it cover to cover.

The author's bias was wrong, but his information appeared to be accurate. As a military man myself, I was angry that Scahill portrayed private soldiers as opportunistic buffoons and victims of their own egos and greed. The ordinary reader doesn't understand that just because you're a mercenary doesn't mean you aren't fighting for what's right. What would *you* do if you were under attack?

As ridiculous as your parody was in my eyes, I'll admit it accomplished its mission: It got me thinking about a trend that has the power to change the global game. Blackwater needs to be held to the rules of war and the warrior's honor. **—Riley F.**

Lexington Park, Maryland

Holy Moses

This is going to be a strange year without some great leaders at the helm. First, quarterback Brett Favre retired from the Green Bay Packers after the Chicago Bears squeezed his cheese twice in the same season. Then our former president passed away.

I'm not talking about the bumpkin in the White House, but Charlton Heston, former president of the National Rifle Association. Not only did he part the Red Sea [as Moses in *The Ten Commandments*], but he also knew how to tell the truth. Bush can't even part his own hair! And when it comes to the truth, Bush should have a nose like Pinocchio's. I just hope in the next life, Heston will take the time to teach Ronald Reagan something about acting.

By the way, your cartoon of Hillary Clinton trying to find her balls [August '08] was priceless. Here's an idea: a Bible with a centerfold. Wait a minute! We already have that. It's called HUSTLER!

Is there any way to print HUSTLER in Arabic so the people in that part of the world can be in on the humor America is famous for? All they need to put their asses in check is horny jokes, good booze and pussy that doesn't have a pound of desert dust in it.

As for the cocksuckers who want to put a special tax on pornography: They might also want to scratch my nuts the next time they itch. Thanks for the jokes, folks!

—Gregory Podsada

Trevor, Wisconsin

The Big Lie

Just wanted to compliment you guys on your latest 9/11 article [*Not All 9/11 Skeptics Are Kooks*, August '08]. I used to work on The Disclosure Project with Dr. Steven Greer, and I certainly learned a lot about the true nature of the military-industrial complex during that experience. Anyway, great work on the ongoing 9/11 coverage!

As the Nazis knew well, the bigger the lie, the better it works. Here's a quote from Nazi Field Marshall Hermann Goering: "The people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same way in any country."

—Jeff Thill

Los Angeles, California

Enter Brooke?!

I just found out from Brooke Taylor's MySpace page that I could win a date with her. Of course, I could just go to Nevada myself and pay to bang her, but I'm a sucker for a free ride! So make sure my entry form is in that barrel or whatever you draw the winner out of.

I've been a fan of Brooke ever since she showed up on *Cathouse*. She seems like that old cliché: a hooker with a heart of gold. I'd love to find out if it's really true. Wish me luck! And by the way, thanks for the YouTube video of her photo-shoot. Do more of those! **—Francis K.**

Chicago, Illinois

It's your last chance to win a free date with ***Cathouse*** *hottie*
BROOKE TAYLOR.
Just remember to enter by September 2! You can find an entry form in our October '08 issue, which features Brooke's centerfold pictorial, or online at HUSTLERMagazine.com/WinaDate.

Anything That Moves

Got a simple request: more interracial pictorials with well-hung black dudes banging Asian, black or Latin women, along with pregnant shemales taking serious dick. Also, you might want to make an offer to Hillary Clinton to spread her big ass. We all know she needs the cash!

And while you're at it, see if you can get Michelle Obama to stretch apart those long legs of hers, and I'll get out *my* vote. **—Thomas P.**

Kansas City, Missouri

Butt-Head

Your August '08 Asshole of the Month was priceless. John McCain is really scum. Let's hope he doesn't move into the White House. And if he does, he'll be an Asshole choice a lot, no doubt about it!

—Dennis Comstock

Muskegon, Michigan

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

WE WANT YOU!

(To Get Mad Cow Disease)

America is under attack by a group of tree-hugging, sandal-wearing hippies from Creekstone Farms who want to force you to eat safe food. If we don't stop them, they will implement a process to test every one of their cattle for mad cow disease. Why would they do this? To destroy free trade and undermine American business by forcing everyone else in this great country's meatpacking industry to follow suit.

You can't let this happen! You're an American! Fight for your right to eat poison beef!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is commentary on how the U.S. Department of Agriculture has thwarted Creekstone Farms' efforts to guarantee 100%-safe meat by testing all its cattle before slaughtering. Creekstone Farms has now been forced to file a lawsuit against the USDA for the right to produce safe meat. Seems that once again a division of our own government has put profit above safety. For more info, check out **OrganicConsumers.org** and **MadCowBlog.com**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Charles Calderon

California State Assemblyman Charles Calderon, a chunk of conservative dogmeat masquerading as a Democrat, has repeatedly proposed a sin tax on porn. He advocates a 25% levy on the gross revenues of anyone producing or distributing sex-related goods and services. Enactment would force the adult industry to pass the extra cost onto you by hiking prices on hard-core DVDs, downloads, cable fare and even strip club cover charges.

Calderon hasn't bothered to specify just how lawmakers would draw the line between what's "sinful" and what isn't. Is soft-core porn taxable, or a Hollywood flick with nudity? And how would it be legal to unfairly penalize one type of content over another?

"This isn't about morality," Calderon claimed. "It is about them paying their fair share."

Like any other enterprise in California, sex companies and distributors already pay their fair share. Approximately 85% of America's adult material is believed to originate in the Golden State, and some estimates put revenues at $4 billion per year, generating *mucho* tax dollars.

In theory, Calderon's tax would net an additional $665 million annually. In reality, it would likely drive a sex-related business to relocate in friendlier places like Nevada, Arizona or even Mexico.

The balding boob claims that cops are overworked because of frequent calls to strip clubs (well, off-duty cops, maybe); that STDs run rampant in the adult-film industry (which actually has a stringent screening protocol for AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases); and that the cost of treating infected performers "falls on the counties." Calderon also rants that excessively cruising online sex sites costs men their jobs—which then leads them to poverty and sucking up food stamps and Medicaid.

And where is he getting all this bad info? Calderon has admitted that he ordered his staff to ignore all studies on pornography and, basically, do what any good old-fashioned conservative lawmaker would do: Make the shit up.

During committee debate in the State Assembly, Calderon called two witnesses who badmouthed the adult-entertainment biz: ex-stripper Daphne Khoury and onetime XXX actress Shelly Lubben (a Jesus freak dismissed by a porn veteran as "a nutjob").

Calderon's two witnesses were outnumbered by 150 adult-industry actors, producers and distributors; AIDS activist Dr. Sharon Mitchell; Dr. Bryant Paul, author of studies on secondary effects of porn; strip club owners; and porn star Kayden Kross. Matt Gray, a California adult-industry lobbyist, said, "In all my 15 years in the capital, this was the single most dishonest piece of legislation I had ever seen."

Even Calderon's GOP buddies avoided jumping on the bandwagon. They probably loved the idea of squashing porn (at least for others), but none backed the bill since it meant imposing new taxes, something a Republican never wants to get caught doing.

Calderon's offices are in the City of Industry, an L.A. suburb that not only smells like burning baloney, but also boasts one strip club for every 160 residents. No wonder the *Ass*-emblyman has a skewed view of the potential profit on pussy.

We have no proof that Calderon frequents cooze joints, but his Web site has featured several photos of the porky politico with what appears to be nubile high school girls. So if Señor Tax the Porn Industry is supposedly protecting us all from sex, who's protecting these teenagers from him?

Although Calderon has run as a Democrat since entering politics in 1982, he has consistently veered into the conservative swamp. He and four other creeps known as the "Gang of Five" tried to wrest control of the Assembly from Speaker Willie Brown. Calderon's cohorts were Gerald Eaves (indicted for bribery, mail fraud and conspiracy); Gary Condit (whose affair with intern Chandra Levy led to suspicion that he had murdered her); J. Stephen Peace (who wrote the energy-deregulation bill that is believed to have triggered California's electricity crisis); and Rusty Areias (now a lobbyist; 'nuff said).

Despite making himself a national laughingstock, Calderon continues to pound his antiporn drum. "By trying to tax something Californians do in private, there is an uneasiness that turns to jokes," he acknowledged. "But I think it is going to be taken very seriously." Yeah, Charlie, the day beef-and-bean burritos fly out your butt.

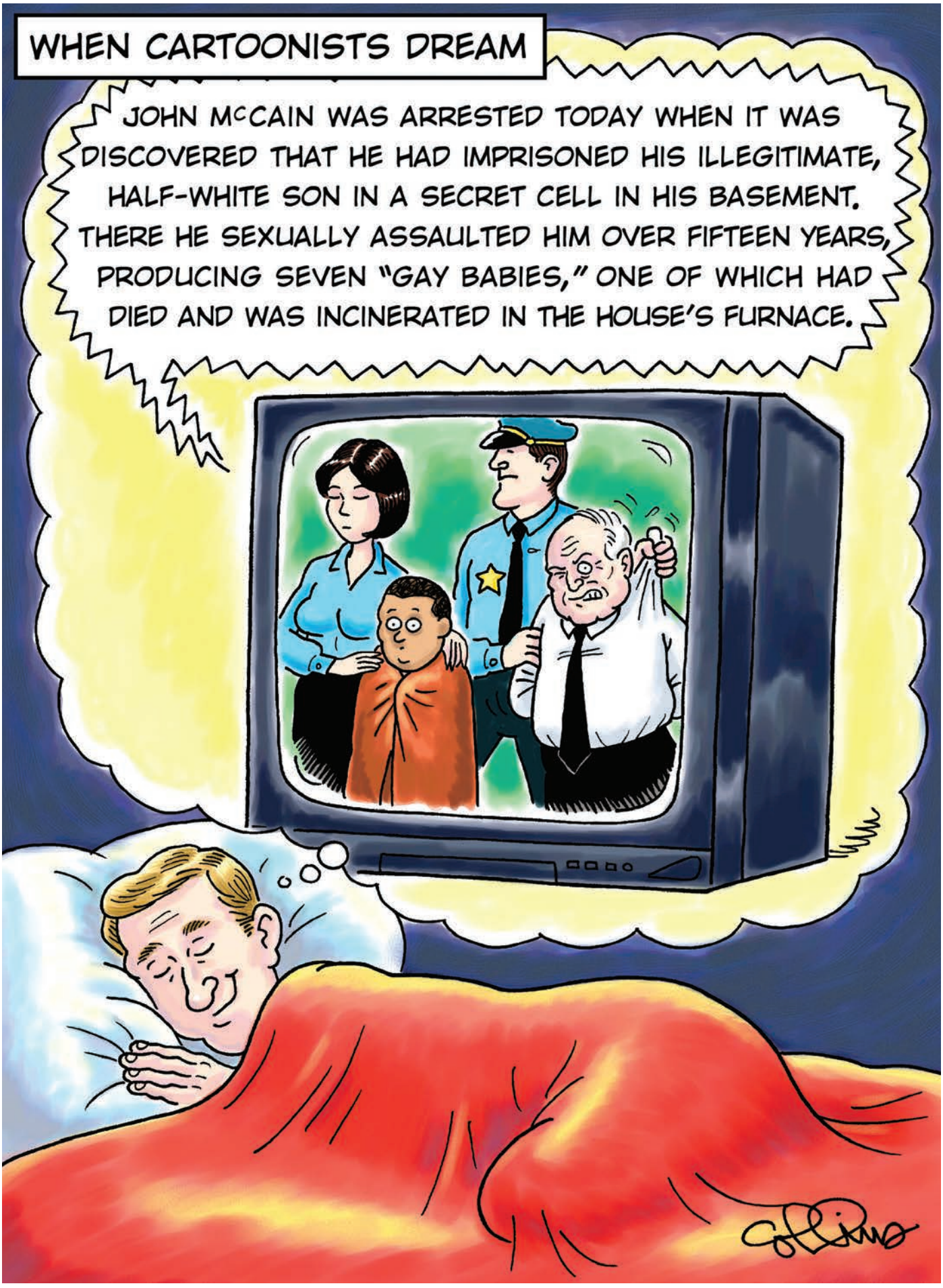
Said State Assemblyman Chuck DeVore, who chaired the debate on Calderon's bill, "I think it's a clear violation of the First Amendment." And he's a Republican!

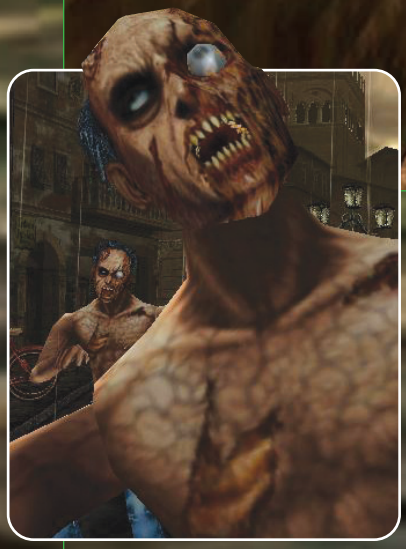
As twice before, the sin tax failed to make it out of Calderon's own committee. And if history repeats itself, next year the misguided moron will once again try to charge citizens for getting a hard-on.

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**SCOTT McCLELLAN**, now safely out of the White House, has published a memoir admitting the Bush crime family all knew that much of the info on Iraq was false and that Lewis "Scooter" Libby and Karl Rove criminally outed CIA officer Valerie Plame and were responsible for discrediting her husband, diplomat Joe Wilson. But according to his book, McClellan—while Dubya's press secretary—never believed he was lying. Oh, no, they misled him. That twisted smirk on the spineless weasel's face when he stood at the podium meant he truly believed the horseshit he fed to the country. Of course, the media fawned over McClellan when he "came clean." So where was this gutless wonder back when telling the truth could have saved thousands of lives and billions of dollars? Waiting for a five-figure book deal, that's where. Once a scumsucker, always a scumsucker.

•**THEODORE HAMM** reminds us that smart people ought to know something. An associate professor at Metropolitan College of New York, Hamm has written *The New Blue Media*, which chronicles the development of smartass progressive comedy from Lenny Bruce through Michael Moore and *The Daily Show*. Is there one word on HUSTLER in Hamm's book? One reference to our cutting-edge political cartoons, parodies or exposés? No. Not one fucking word. Hey, Prof, you flunk!


WHEN CARTOONISTS DREAM
JOHN McCAIN WAS ARRESTED TODAY WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT HE HAD IMPRISONED HIS ILLEGITIMATE, HALF-WHITE SON IN A SECRET CELL IN HIS BASEMENT. THERE HE SEXUALLY ASSAULTED HIM OVER FIFTEEN YEARS, PRODUCING SEVEN "GAY BABIES," ONE OF WHICH HAD DIED AND WAS INCINERATED IN THE HOUSE'S FURNACE.



I WAS A TEENAGE ZOMBIE

The House of the Dead 2 & 3 Return

Manufacturer: SEGA
Format: Wii

Based on the popular arcade classics of the same name, *The House of the Dead 2 & 3* for the Wii is a wall-to-wall gorefest. The splatter-packed game, whose amazing zapper controller allows you to slice and dice your enemies in real time, pits you against a relentless army of undead assailants and gigantic monstrosities. *The House of the Dead 2 & 3* packs the same great visual quality and nonstop pace of its stand-up predecessors and is a bloody good time!

LIVE BY THE SWORD

Viking: Battle for Asgard

Manufacturer: SEGA
Format: PS3, Xbox 360

Earth is on the verge of apocalypse as an army of undead runs rampant. In the role of Viking warrior Skarin, you battle demons, tame fire-breathing dragons and free enslaved warriors in confrontations packed with gobs of blood, guts and sword-wielding action. Slash your way through a visually compelling fantasy world while you lop off the heads and limbs of your heinous foes with a vast assortment of brutal, skull-crushing combat moves.

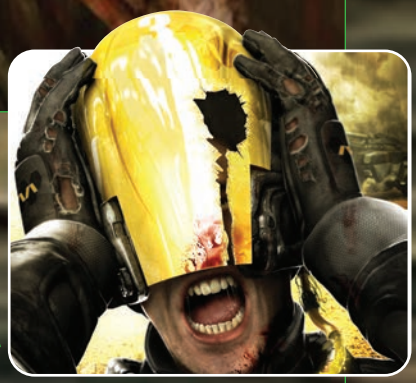
—Taylor David

AFRAID OF THE DARK?

Dark Sector

Manufacturer: Digital Extremes
Format: PS3, Xbox 360

As the elite black-ops hatchet man Hayden Tenno, you must venture into the mythical Eastern European city Lasria—which has been devastated by a Cold War secret—and assassinate its leader. Simple, right? Only problem is parts of your body have been altered by an unknown infection that both hinders and helps you at random. Packed with incredible superpowers and brilliant levels of play, *Dark Sector* is an awesome experience. Along the way, you get to use a variety of cool weapons, the coolest being a glaive, a bladed disc that closely resembles the weapon from *Krull*.



NOTHING PURPLE ABOUT IT

Haze

Manufacturer: Ubisoft
Format: PS3

Ever wish you could play both sides of the same war? Bet George W. Bush does now. This brilliant first-person shooter game lets you do just that. *Haze* revolves around a futuristic government that has outsourced all military operations to a private corporation (Blackwater, anyone?) whose soldiers are doped up with a performance-enhancing drug called Nectar. Battle as you uncover the truth behind the manipulative government, then switch sides and join the rebellion to oust the powers-that-be!

TAKE THE HUSTLER VIDEO CHALLENGE!

Make a viral video and win a free digital subscription to HUSTLER, BARELY LEGAL or HUSTLER'S TABOO.

Join our first-ever Internet Video Challenge. Just make an original video that expresses what you like or what you think is unique about HUSTLER Magazine, then post your creation online at **YouTube.com** or any other public video-hosting site.

You have full creative freedom—as long as you follow mainstream content guidelines. (Be warned: Nudity and/or profanity will get you booted off most public sites.) Only one entrant per video is allowed, but you can make and post as many videos as you want.

Once your video is posted online, head to **HUSTLERMagazine.com/VideoChallenge** and register. Be sure to let us know when your video gets 200 hits and which digital magazine subscription you wish to receive. Any video with 200 hits or more by the end of 2008 wins. So load up your batteries and start shooting!

RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 21 or older to enter. The entry form must be completed and the video posted online and made viewable by HUSTLER no later than December 31, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. This contest is void where prohibited by applicable law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made publicly available. Upon request, the winner shall sign a personal release for such use, and a certification of age eligibility and residence in the United States. LFP Publishing Group, LLC will contact the winner at his/her e-mail address specified in the entry form and provide the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Contestant is responsible for notifying LFP Publishing Group, LLC, when his/her video has reached 200 hits, which qualifies him/her for the stated prize. LFP Publishing Group, LLC will not be responsible or liable for failure to receive notification or to contact the winner. In the event that the stated prize cannot be provided, the winner will receive a prize of equivalent value. The HUSTLER Video Challenge is open to lawful residents of the United States over 21 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

HALLOWEEN ISSUE • HALLOWEEN ISSUE • HALLOWEEN ISSUE • HALLOWEEN ISSUE

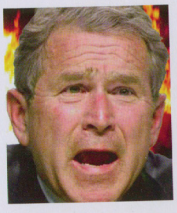
DRESS HER UP!

HUSTLER Lingerie has launched a new line of sexy outfits just in time for Halloween. Our favorites include Schoolgirl, Pirate, French Maid and Flasher. Why not have your girl don a costume that even the undead will appreciate? (There's also a line of Halloween costumes for guys who want to dress up.) Check out **HustlerLingerie.com** or visit a HUSTLER Hollywood store near you.

RAW DEAL

"We also have to work, though, sort of the dark side, if you will. We've got to spend time in the shadows in the intelligence world. A lot of what needs to be done here will have to be done quietly, without any discussion, using sources and methods that are available to our intelligence gencies, if we're going to be successful. That's the world these folks operate in, and so it's going to be vital for us to use any means at our disposal, basically, to achieve our objective." (Meet the Press, 9/16/01)

JOKER



"Stop throwing the Constitution in my face, it's just a goddamned piece of paper!" (Capitol Hill Blue, 12/9/05)

JOKER

These funny and biting Impeach Bush Now playing cards list 54 great reasons for ousting George W. Bush. A card deck that inspires people to get rid of Bush? Deal us in! Available at **ImpeachBushCards.com.**

BUCKY BEAVER'S Halloween Tip #1

Always try to hook up with the chick who's best at bobbing for apples.

DEAD AND LOVING IT!

CHECK OUT *Girls and Corpses*, a magazine packed with gorgeous ghoul aficionadas and their rigor mortis-riddled playthings. These babes are hot enough to raise the dead, especially recent covergirl Mistress Malice.

BABES DEATH MUSIC FICTION COMICS CARS SEX MORGUES
GIRLS AND CORPSES
Only $8.95
Volume 2
Spring
Spring Is In The Air
Satanic Sluts
The Three Stooge Heads
Madame Talbot Merchant of Death
Happy Endings Corpse Massage
The Horrifics
Plus: The Genitorturers, Metal Sanaz and Angela Ryan with Siamese Twin Corpses!
Girls and Corpses Poster!
The Lighter Side of Torture
True Mortician Confessions
Suzzan Blac No Pain No Painting
SEX IS DEAD!!!
Miss Horrorfest Mistress Malice
from Beauty Queen to Bondage Queen

"When a man goes on a date, he wonders if he is going to get lucky. A woman already knows." —FREDERIKE RYDER, AUTHOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Morticia Addams LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

This pic of the original Morticia Addams (actress Carolyn Jones) with a dick in her mouth is sweeter than candy corn.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Morticia Addams actually exists. Actually, no real person named Morticia Addams exists either. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Except for masturbation, but only on Halloween. It would be creepy on any other night.

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Back in the day, Ministry frontman Al Jourgensen once dropped acid at a HUSTLER Christmas party and ended up dropping trou. We should let Al tell the story. Check out his creepy interview, beginning on page 100.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Halloween Tip #2

NEWS BABES

Good goth almighty! This month's pick is the dark, lovely and hopefully aptly named Chrystina Head from Milwaukee's Fox6 (WITI). Ms. Head is the talking head we would most like to get…news from. Thanks to reader D.O. of Slinger, Wisconsin, for this nice anchor/reporter.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

"A man can go 70 years without a piece of ass, but he can die in a week without a bowel movement."—CHARLES BUKOWSKI, POET/NOVELIST

NEWSBITES

Till Death Do Us Part?

An Illinois newspaper carrier got quite a shock when he discovered a 77-year-old man on top of an 84-year-old woman. No, not because the elderly couple was fucking. It seems the husband croaked, and his wife had been trapped under the geezer's corpse for four days! This story is ironic because most married women do think of their husbands as dead weight.

Best Seat in the House

Guess the old slogan "Fly the Friendly Skies" no longer applies. Or at least not in the case of an air traveler who alleges that he was forced to spend the bulk of a five-hour JetBlue trip in a lavatory. The passenger's ordeal began when he was allowed to board an overbooked flight and instructed to take the cabin seat of an off-duty flight attendant, who'd move to one of the plane's jump seats. This all changed about 90 minutes after takeoff when the pilot told the guy to just "go hang out" in the toilet because the flight attendant was uncomfortable in the jump seat and because he couldn't change places with her. The aircraft's jump seats were for JetBlue employees only. The disgruntled New Yorker has filed a $2-million lawsuit against the carrier.

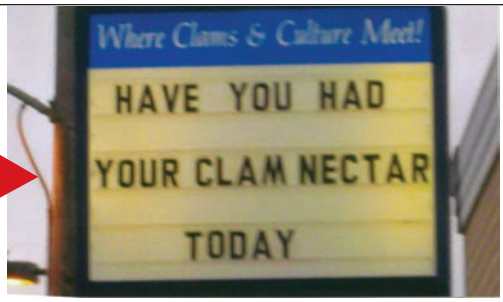
Cock Criminal

Police in the Congo recently arrested 13 suspected sorcerers accused of a despicable crime! Rape? Nope. Murder? Nope. These wacky witch doctors were charged with shrinking men's penises and attempting to steal others. As these boner burglars are being held for further questioning, we guess it's time for all us well-hung guys to cross the Congo off our travel plans.

Shitty Way to Die

Someone was killed recently by an elephant in captivity. We know what you're saying: So? Doesn't that happen all the time? Sure, but this time the victim wasn't stomped to death. A German zookeeper fed a constipated elephant 22 doses of laxatives and a bushel of berries, figs and prunes. When Jumbo (or whatever the pachyderm's name was) finally blew, the deluge knocked over the 46-year-old worker, who then banged his head on a rock and was buried under 200 pounds of feces. We don't care if the Internet says this story is a crock of you know what. An avalanche of elephant poop is funny shit.

Sign of the Times



To answer your question: Yes, we've had our clam nectar today, and it was the perfect Halloween treat. Thanks to G.S. of Oak Harbor, Washington, for this submission.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

PORN FROM THE PAST

THANKS AND $100 go to J.H. of Pennsville, New Jersey, for this terrifying threesome. It's *eggsactly* what we've been looking for! Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Halloween Tip #3

Carving a pumpkin is a great way to make fun Halloween decorations...and lose a finger!

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

"My wife's on that new medication that gives her just one period a year!"

*"When authorities warn you of the sinfulness of sex, there is an important lesson to be learned. Do not have sex with the authorities."—MATT GROENING, **THE SIMPSONS** CREATOR/CARTOONIST*

"Take off all your clothes and walk down the street waving a machete and firing an Uzi, and terrified citizens will phone the police and report: There's a naked person outside!"—MIKE NICHOLS, FILM DIRECTOR

Theresa Flynt and Lexi Tyler

Michelle Maylene and Larry

PHOTO BY RICH STEPHENS

DJ Hustle-Lin

Triple treat: Havanna Ginger, Nautica Thorn and Savannah Stern

Celeste Star

PHOTOS BY THE HARDCORESOURCE.COM

AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A HUSTLER PARTY

To celebrate HUSTLER's 34th anniversary, we threw an unforgettable bash at the Highlands Hollywood club. On hand for the milestone were Mr. and Mrs. Larry Flynt, first daughter Theresa, celebrity DJ Hustle-Lin, Sixx:A.M. rocker Dj Ashba and a bevy of porn beauties headed by scintillating Celeste Star and naughty Nautica Thorn. If you start kissing up to us now, we may be able to get you on the guest list for next year's 35th-anniversary blowout.

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately

*Recently unearthed was this quote from the blowhard as he experienced an onscreen meltdown during his **Inside Edition** days.*

Whatever it is, it's not right on the teleprompter. I don't know what that is. I've never seen that. Okay, but...I can't read it; there's no words on it! There's no words there! "To play us out"? What does that mean, "to play us out"? I don't know what that means, "to play us out"! What does that mean?! To end the show?! All right, go! Go! That's tomorrow, and that is.... That's tomorrow, and that is us for us today. ... We will leave you with a.... I can't do it! We'll do it live! We'll do it live! Fuck it! Do it live! Go write it, and we'll do it live! The fucking thing sucks!"

Further proof of Bill O'Reilly's unflappable professionalism—not!

BUCKY BEAVER'S Halloween Tip #4

Dressing up like a ghost is probably a bad idea if you live in a black neighborhood.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Black Velvet Masterpieces

Highlights From the Collection of Velveteria Museum

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

Once limited to wood-paneled rumpus rooms in the 1970s, paintings done on black velvet canvases are seeing a resurgence. Providing a vivid history of this underappreciated art form are Caren Anderson and Carl Baldwin, the founders of the Velveteria Museum in Portland, Oregon. Their new book features more than 275 paintings in categories ranging from "nudes" to "the devil" and "celebrities," including the ever-popular crying Elvis.

Black Velvet Masterpieces is available at bookstores everywhere.

READY FOR HER CLOSE-UP

JELENA JENSEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

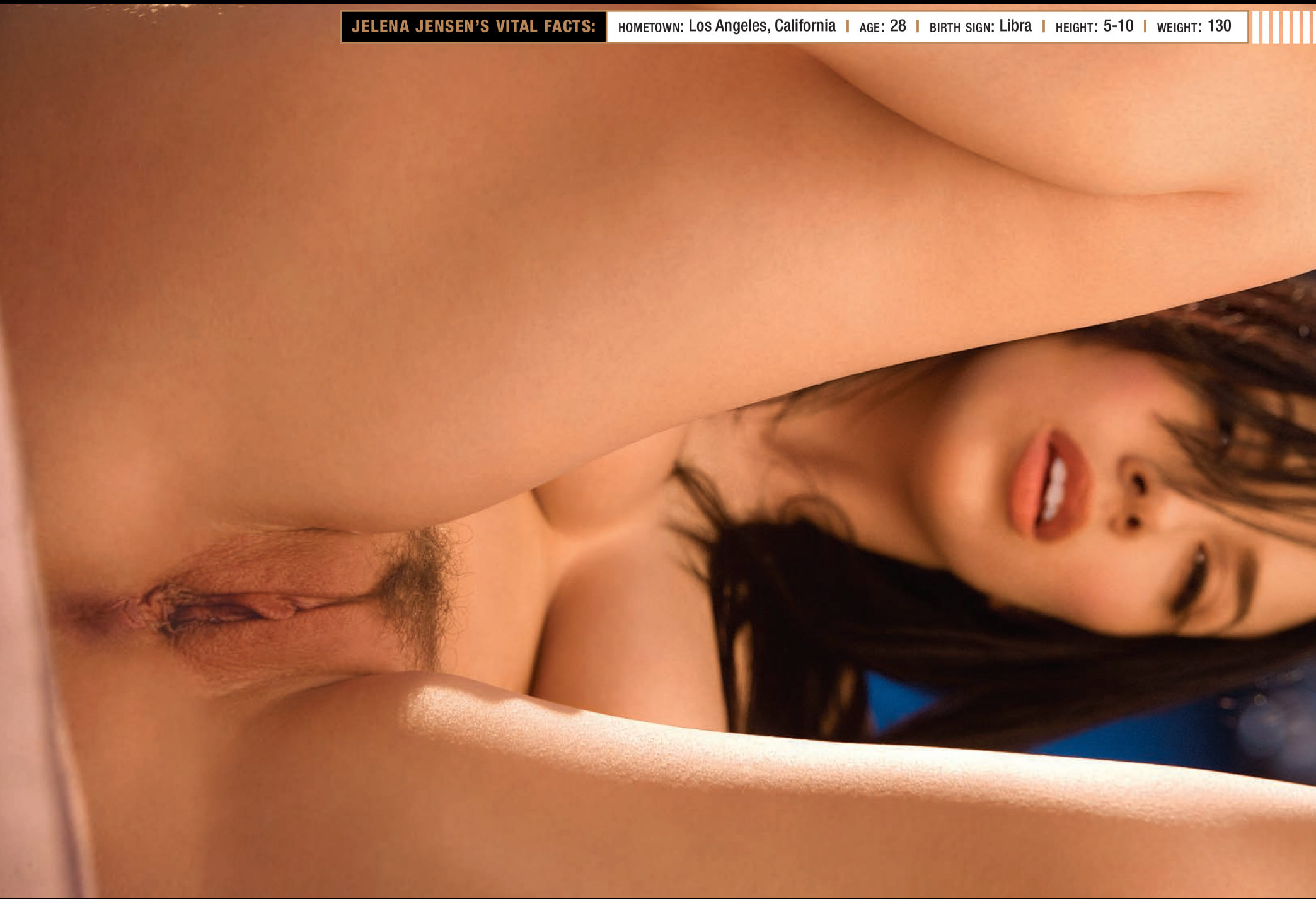
Jelena Jensen is hot: "I got into this business for the sex. Not the money, the sex. I can make money anywhere, but the promise of sex with the hottest women on Earth is what appeals to me most."

Jelena is cool: "In my private life I let guys pursue me. Just because I do porn doesn't mean I'm easy. A girl likes to be romanced before she lets you in her pants. If you wine and dine me, then soon in your bed you may just find me."

Jelena is no fool: "I'm a realist when it comes to the porn industry. I know there's only one Jenna Jameson, and no one is ever going to be as huge as her. I also know that a lot of porn actresses end up in bad places. That's why I stay away from drugs. Sure, I like to party, but I know it's important to keep my head on straight."

Jelena could rule the world: “I hope Hillary Clinton doesn’t win the Democratic nomination because I want to be America’s first woman President. Once I’m through being an adult star, I’ll be going to law school and then into politics. President **Jensen** just sounds right. In 2016 can I have your vote?”

JELENA JENSEN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, California | AGE: 28 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-10 | WEIGHT: 130



CROSSING OVER TO THE KINKY SIDE

I rubbed the silk over my shaft. It felt cool, slick and incredibly sensuous. In seconds my cock was granite. I wrapped my dick in the panties and started fisting.

See, lately my girl had been ragging on me about not doing my share of the housework. Admittedly, I shirked those duties whenever I could. But one afternoon, planning to stay out all night playing poker and drinking with the boys, I figured I'd do some laundry. Anna would be delighted when she walked in the door, and then, hopefully, she'd cut me slack later when I didn't come home. At least that was the plan.

But when I started emptying the laundry basket, I noticed a black-silk bra-and-panty set with black lace edging—and I couldn't resist a quick sniff. *Mmmm.* The crotch smelled like pussy juice and spunk with a trace of urine.

The previous night, Anna had been wearing that lingerie. She was in the bathroom, getting ready for bed, dressed only in the black bra and panties. I walked in to take a leak, and the sight of her, bent over the bathroom sink, was too much. My cock grew hard as a rock before I could piss. Moving behind that voluptuous tush, I stepped out of my boxers and pressed my boner against my girlfriend's ass crack.

Anna smiled at me in the mirror, which I took to mean a green light. So I stretched those panties to one side and pushed my dick cap against her slit. She was wet before I could count to three. Clutching her hips, I jammed in deep and stayed there.

My girl has amazing pussy control, and sometimes I like to just stay still and feel her work those cunt muscles up and down and all around my fuckstick, milking me. I kept watching in the mirror, and it was pretty hot.

Finally, unable to remain still any longer, I started slamming her box. Her big titties were jiggling, and I tweaked her long nipples through her bra. We climaxed together, hard, then went to sleep, with Anna in her lingerie.

Sniffing her soiled panties brought it all back to me. I jacked my prick for a bit and smoothed the silk over my nut sac. It felt so damn good. Washing clothes was long forgotten. Then I don't quite know what came over me, but I had a sudden impulse to try those panties on. It was a very tight fit. Curious, I moved to the mirror. The way my hammer peeked out over the black lace was, strangely, something of a turn-on.

I picked up the bra and stretched, stretched, stretched the elastic until I could hook it around my broad back. Anna was never going to be able to wear it again. Then I loosened the adjustments on the straps until I could slip them over my shoulders. It definitely looked kinky, but fuck! It felt sensational—silk against my nipples, silk cradling my balls, silk against my butt.

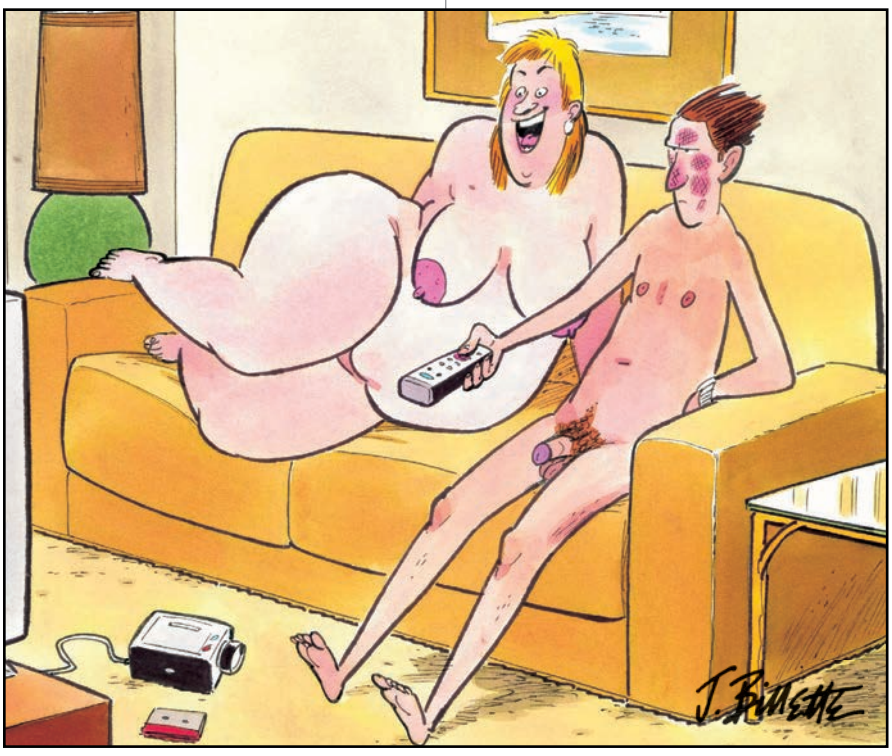
I looked down to watch myself jack my cock through the panties. When I looked back up, Anna's image was in the mirror! Apparently, I hadn't heard her come home from work. Her mouth was hanging open, and for a minute there I panicked and wondered if my kinky stunt would end our relationship. I think it was the longest minute of my life.

The way my hammer peeked out over the black lace was, strangely, something of a turn-on.

Then I saw her smile. Not only was Anna beaming, but she also moved up behind me, reached around with both hands and took over fisting my pecker. We both watched in the glass as she jerked me off through her panties and pinched my nipples through the silk bra. She called me a dirty, sexy slut. I don't think I've ever sprayed so long or hard. Catching my jism in her palm, Anna lapped it up and smacked her lips.

We moved to the bedroom, but Anna insisted I keep the lingerie on all night. My girlfriend said it was exciting and made her hot. My poker buddies were pissed that I'd left them hanging, but they got over it.

Wearing Anna's lingerie has changed everything. After three years of living together, the sex is really exciting again. We're experimenting, not afraid or embarrassed to tell each other about long-secret fantasies. A few nights ago Anna spread her shaved labes wide in the bathtub and had me aim a hot stream of piss at her clit. And this evening I found a red-silk bra-and-panty set—size extra-large—lying on the bed. —A.R.
Hammond, Indiana



"Fast-forward again to the part where I pussy-fart in your face!"

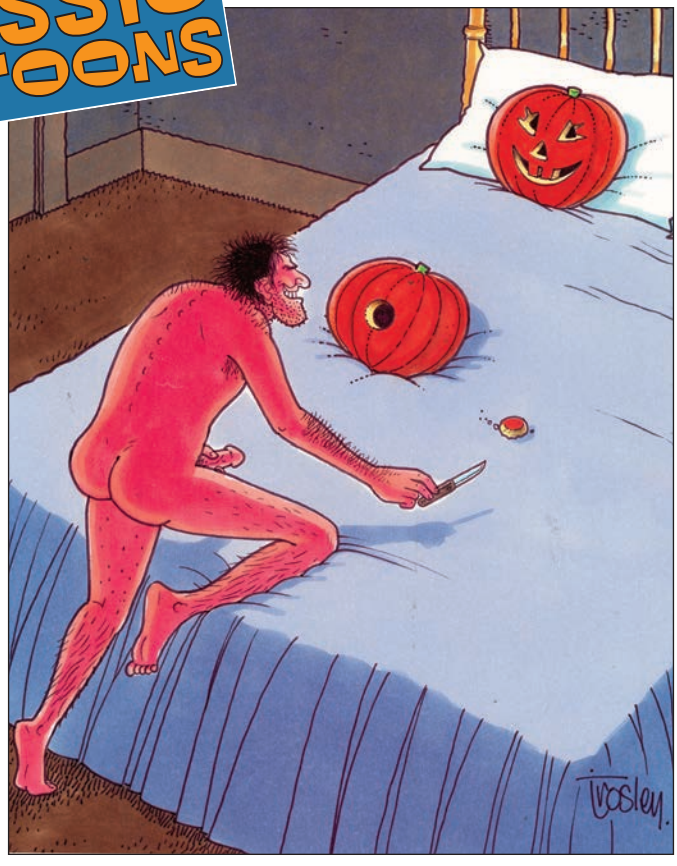
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"I owe Paul $100, and Peter said he'd pay $100 to fuck me. So I guess I'll have to fuck Peter to pay Paul."

"Aw, shit! It's a rejection slip from *Beaver Hunt*."

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS

"Well, get *un*-stuck, Marsha. I need my dog!"



THE TRUTH ABOUT IRAQ

In a fight for peace and honor, the Winter Soldier veterans show their heroism by speaking out.

Jason Moon suffers from persistent insomnia as he wrestles with memories of his time in Iraq. "While on our initial convoy into Iraq in early June 2003," the former National Guard and Army Reserve member recalls, "we were given a direct order that if any children or civilians got in front of the vehicles in our convoy, we were not to stop, we were not to slow down, we were to keep driving. In the event an insurgent attacked us from behind human shields, we were supposed to count. If there were 30 or less civilians, we were allowed to fire into the area. If there were over 30, we were supposed to take fire and send it up the chain of command. These were the rules of engagement.

I don't know about you, but if you are getting shot at from a crowd of people, how fast are you going to count, and how accurately?"

Moon is taking part in Winter Soldier, the Iraq Veterans Against the War's effort to collect firsthand testimony about the human consequences of failed U.S. policy in the occupations of Iraq and Afghanistan. The campaign takes its name from 1971's Winter Soldier testimony by combat veterans, notably John Kerry, which played a part in turning public opinion against the Vietnam War.

"We've heard from the politicians, from the generals, from the media—now it's our turn," says Kelly Dougherty, executive director of Iraq Veterans Against the War, who served in Iraq in 2003 as a military police officer. "It's not going to be easy to hear what we have to say. It's not going to be easy for us to tell it. But we believe that the only way this war is going to end is if the American people truly understand what we have done in their name."

When I was reporting from

Left to right: Iraq War veterans Jose Vasquez, Hart Viges, Cliff Hicks, Steve Casey and Steven Mortillo.

Iraq for eight months on and off between November 2003 and February 2005, Iraqis told me of atrocities U.S. soldiers were committing. Now the accounts from soldiers themselves confirm an awful picture.

"An Iraqi was once selling soda out of a motorcycle to soldiers in a waiting convoy," Moon says. "In the sidecar was his seven-to-eight-year-old child. When the man refused to go away, the MP on patrol put him to the ground with a gun to his head and started stripping his vehicle and searching it. They then took the child, picked it up into the air and threw it full force onto the ground. I didn't see the child get up."

Moon says soldiers devised cruel tricks to play on Iraqi kids. "Whenever we arrived in an area, we did so along with support vehicles with the radios, tractor trailers, bulldozers and graders," he recalls. "So we would park those in a circle with yellow police tape around. Iraqis had to stand outside that tape as we stood inside the tape, armed and ready. That was our little base of operations. Soldiers would place a $20 bill in the sand with a little bit showing and walk over to the other side of the vehicles and wait for a kid to charge under the tape to try to get the bill, which was equal to an average monthly salary there. If some kid was stupid enough to take the bait, they would chase him, trying to hit him with the end of their bayonet or the butt of their rifle."

PHOTO COURTESY KRISTOFER GOLDSMITH

A gruesome spectacle: Iraqi civilian casualties.

PHOTO COURTESY VINCENT EMANUELE

Moon says his section sergeant would rally the troops every day in the motor pool with, "I hope I get to kill me a *hajji* today. [*Hajji* is a term for a Muslim who has undertaken a pilgrimage to Mecca, and has become a slang term used by U.S. soldiers.] I hope I get to shoot somebody today."

Moon tells me of a soldier in his tent who used to boast of swerving intentionally to hit the kids that rushed to pick the food tossed by patrol members and to run over the food so the kids couldn't get it. "It was a game," Moon adds. "When the soldier who had thrown the food asked him why he had done it, he said, 'Yeah, I want to hit one of them. I want to kill one of those kids.'"

Moon brought back a video that shows his sergeant declaring, "The difference between an insurgent and an Iraqi civilian is whether they are dead

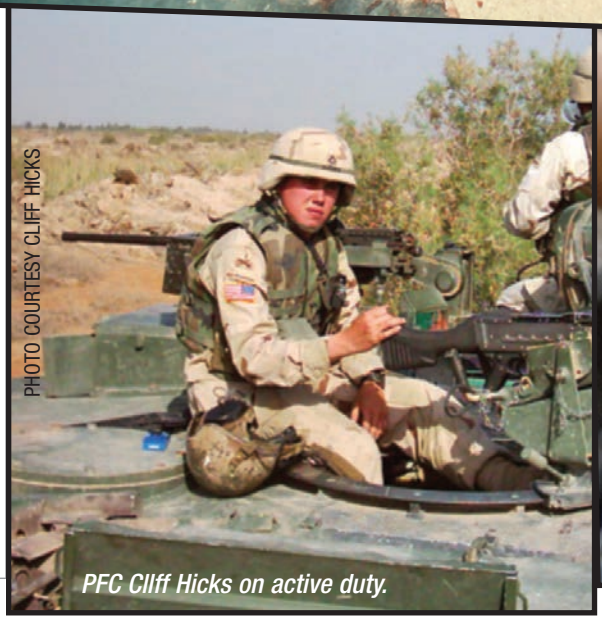


PHOTO COURTESY CLIFF HICKS

PFC Cliff Hicks on active duty.

PHOTO COURTESY JON TURNER

PHOTOS COURTESY JON TURNER

Balanced artistically on a GI's helmet is all that remains of a victim's face.

or alive." Moon explains the thinking: "If you kill a civilian, he becomes an insurgent because you retroactively make that person a threat."

Following a long family tradition, Cliff Hicks joined the military at 17 in 2002 because "we had been attacked, so it seemed like the right time." He served in Iraq from October 2003 to August 2004. He admits that he and other soldiers with him have been physically abusive toward Iraqi civilians. "Hell, yeah, that happened," he says. "That was extremely common. My platoon leader, a lieutenant, broke the arm of an old man because he was being difficult."

Hicks also describes how he himself beat up an Iraqi detainee. "One night on a foot patrol in Baghdad, we found a 30-year-old Iraqi who we were told had an attitude," he recounts. "He acted like he wanted to fight with us, so we all jumped on him and beat the shit out of him. I zip-stripped him with plastic handcuffs behind his back, dragged him to a pole and tied him to it, guarding him while the rest of my platoon ran into his house to raid it.

"He was yelling and screaming and talking to the crowd. I'm 18 years old and alone, guarding this guy in downtown Baghdad late at night. He's talking to this massive crowd behind me. I couldn't get him to shut up…so I just beat the shit out of him. The whole time it freaked me out: He's a prisoner, totally defenseless. You're not supposed to beat up prisoners, but for all I knew, this guy was telling his friends to kill me."

Living under daily threat took a psychological toll. "Insane driving was even more common than beating people's asses," Hicks continues. "Ninety-nine percent of the time you drive around in Iraq, and 99 percent of the way you get killed in Iraq is driving your vehicle into something that blows up. So you're driving, scared to death, pissed off, you have a vehicle commander who's looking at a map, yelling at a radio, being an asshole and criticizing everything you do. He's freaked out because he doesn't want you to do anything stupid, and you don't want to do anything stupid. Our tanks weigh 70 tons, our Humvees six tons, and we drove as fast as we possibly could."

The Iraqi driving this car was decapitated.

The temptation to misuse their powerful vehicles sometimes got the better of the soldiers. "[Iraqis] have these stands where they sell kebabs, motor oil, gas and stuff, and one time we just got off the road and plowed through a whole row of these things," Hicks adds. "We would just cruise through [and] make everybody run away. We would run over empty cars. I remember one time I saw a really shiny Mercedes. I asked my tank commander, 'Sir, can I crush that car?' He didn't say yes, but he said, 'I didn't see anything.' So I ran over the car."

The language barrier has also contributed to the abuse, Hicks believes. "We didn't have interpreters half the time when I was there," he says. "We couldn't communicate. They are not doing what you need them to do, so you freak out and beat the crap out of people all the time over there. It happened so much, it's not even worthy of note. People are just constantly getting their asses kicked over there for no reason."

The brain of yet another civilian casualty, blown completely out of the skull.

What's going on in Iraq seems to reflect what psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton calls "atrocity-producing situations." He first used this term in his 1986 book *The Nazi Doctors: Medical Killing and the Psychology of Genocide*. In 2004, Dr. Lifton wrote an article for *The Nation*, applying his insights to the Iraq War and occupation. "Atrocity-producing situations," he wrote, occur when a power structure sets up an environment where "ordinary people, men or women no better or worse than you or I, can regularly commit atrocities. … This kind of atrocity-producing situation…surely occurs to some degrees in all wars, including World War II, our last 'good war.' But a counterinsurgency war in a hostile setting, especially when driven by profound ideological distortions, is particularly prone to sustained atrocity—all the more so when it becomes an occupation."

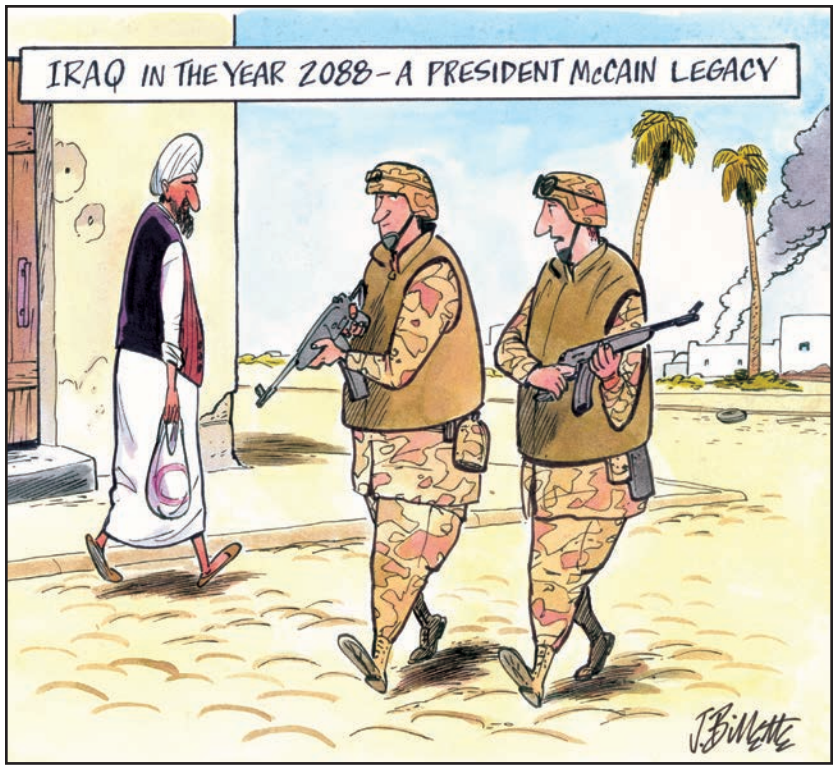
Moon and Hicks testify to that. Their stories were vetted by Iraq Veterans Against the War, and the dates they served, and the units they served with, all checked out. While their service in Iraq was several years ago, other accounts from soldiers who have been there more recently bear out their experiences.

Hicks confirms reports of illegal detention of innocent Iraqis and willful destruction of their property. "You drive around Baghdad, and most of these houses don't have numbers, none of the streets are named, all the houses and streets look the same, and the interpreters, half the time they don't even know where the hell they are," he insists. "So we're always raiding the wrong house, but you still have to bring in some prisoners. You can't come back without prisoners. So we just rounded up any fighting-aged male we could find."

One particular incident stands out in Hicks's mind. "There was a tall apartment complex, the only spot from where people could see over our perimeter," he recalls. "There would be laundry hanging off the balconies, and people hanging out on the roof for fresh air. The place was full of kids and families. On rare occasions a fighter would get atop the building and shoot at our passing vehicles. They never really hit anybody. We just knew to be careful when we were over by that part of the wall, and nobody did shit about it until one day a lieutenant colonel was driving down, and [insurgents] shot at his vehicle, and he got scared. So he jumped through a bunch of hoops and cut through some red tape and got a C-130 to come out the next night and all but leveled the place. Earlier that evening, when I was returning from a patrol, the apartment had been packed full of people."

Looking back on his time in Iraq, Hicks sees a hopeless situation. "You go out on your first mission, and all the Iraqis think you're a loser, they ignore you, or flip you off, or draw their finger across their throat, yelling obscenities," he says. "Even though some were nice to us, you quickly lose any trust in them, and you lump them all together. The only way you can stay safe is to assume that outside the wire everybody wants to kill you. You don't want to be there. And it comes down to, 'Well, fuck, I hate being here, and I can't go home.' So I wake up every fucking day, and I think, *The only reason I'm here is because you fucking people are forcing me to be here. I hate you fucking people, and you hate me, and that's just how it is.* And once you get to that place, it's over."

Dahr Jamail is an independent journalist who has reported from Iraq for eight months. He is the author of *Beyond the Green Zone: Dispatches From an Unembedded Journalist in Occupied Iraq*. His work has appeared in *The Nation*, *The Independent*, *The Guardian*, *Foreign Policy in Focus* and *Le Monde Diplomatique*. This article originally appeared in *The Progressive*.



"My great-grandpa was killed here, my gramps got killed here, and my dad died here. Now *I'm* fucking here!"

"I've given up golf to honor our fallen soldiers in the war on terror, unless the press catches me—in which case, those are times I *haven't* given up golf."

HALLOWEEN ISSUE

This May Scare the Cum Out of You!

What better time to unveil a sexy horror haven than Halloween!

Looking for a gaggle of gorgeous, scary girls in frightening scenarios? An exciting concept that pushes the B-movie scream queen genre to an ultra-erotic brink? Then log on to **HorrorBabe.com**. Scotty JX, the genius behind the "Action Girls" Web site and DVD series, has created this new dark domain, and it's a winner.

The site features naked chicks performing in a series of gothic films (each running around 40 minutes), shorter flicks and serialized clips. It also offers hundreds of still photos depicting behind-the-scenes goth-and-gore action.

Who are these Horrorbabes? Rest assured, they aren't your run-of-the-mill wannabe Internet skanks. Scotty JX has recruited top-notch adult entertainment talents (including Susana Spears, Hana Black and Kobe Kaige, to name just a few) in ways you have never seen before.

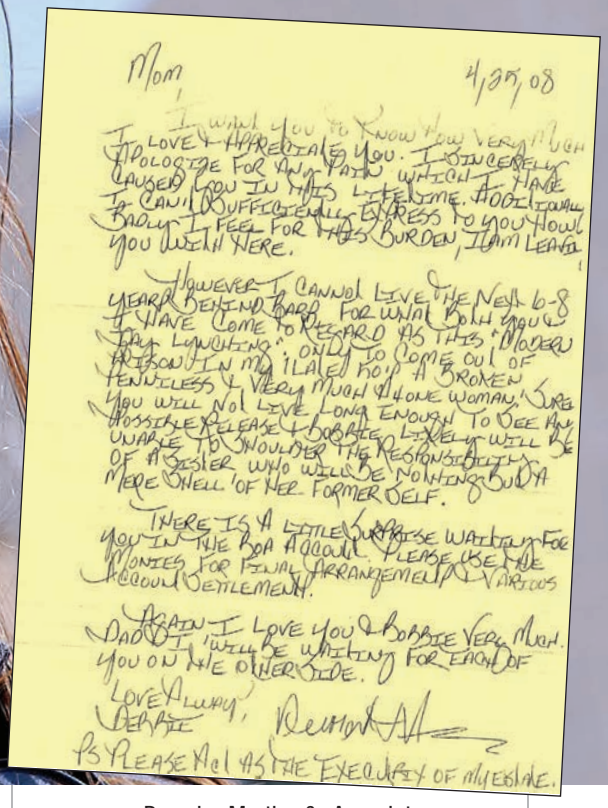
Still not convinced? All you need to do is fork over the one-time fee of $25.99 (that's right, folks, no recurring monthly charges) to access the site's ever-growing array of films, photos and tantalizing nude models. Think about it: Werewolf Babes, Evil Nazi Gals, Cannibals, Frankenbitches, Zombie Lust, Sci-fi Sluts, Demon Chicks and lots of bloody boobs await!

Give yourself an early Halloween treat and check out **HorrorBabe.com**.

"THE D.C. MADAM WAS MURDERED!"

Jeanette Maier, best known as "The Canal Street Madam," reveals a criminal pattern behind the death of Deborah Jeane Palfrey.

DEBORAH JEANE PALFREY



Mom, 4/27/08

I want you to know how very much I love & appreciate you. Sincerely apologize for any pain which I have caused you in this lifetime. Words cannot sufficiently express to you how badly I feel for this burden I am leaving you with here.

However I cannot live the next 6-8 years behind bars for what both you & I have come to regard as this "Modern Day Lynching." Only to come out of prison in my 70's a broken penniless & very much alone woman. Sure you will not live long enough to see any possible release & Bobbie likely will be unable to shoulder the responsibility of a sister who will be nothing but a mere shell of her former self.

There is a little surprise waiting for you in the boa account. Please use the monies for final arrangements & various account settlements.

Again I love you & Bobbie very much. Daddy will be waiting for each of you on the other side.

Love always,
Debbie

PS Please Mail as the executrix of my estate.

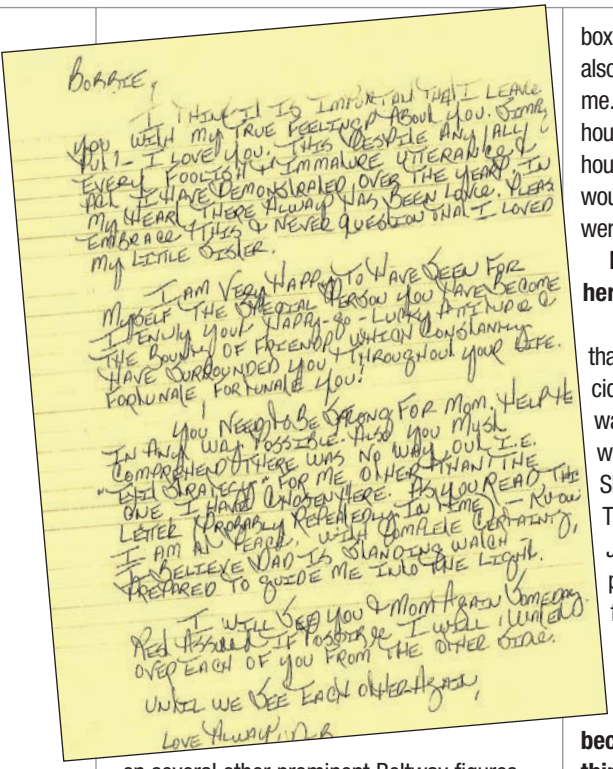
PHOTO: AP

JEANETTE MAIER

On the morning of May 1, 2008, "D.C. Madam" Deborah Jeane Palfrey was found hanged in a storage shed near her mother's home in Tarpon Springs, Florida. Local police wasted no time in ruling the death a suicide. But people familiar with the high-end escort service operator's history and others who knew Palfrey personally suspected the authorities were guilty of a rush to judgment.

The 52-year-old Palfrey had been convicted on April 15 of racketeering and money laundering charges for running a prostitution ring that catered to the Washington, D.C., elite. Throughout her trial in U.S. District Court, Palfrey maintained that her company—Pamela Martin & Associates—provided escort services that were entirely legal.

HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt had steadfastly supported Palfrey in her efforts to exonerate herself and expose the hypocrites who had used her services. Based on phone records released by Palfrey, Flynt exposed Republican U.S. Senator David Vitter from Louisiana in July 2007 as a client of the D.C. Madam. Other names eventually linked to phone numbers in Palfrey's records included former senior State Department official Randall Tobias and high-ranking military strategist Harlan Ullman. Prior to her death, Palfrey implied that she had information


Barbie,

I think it is important that I leave you with my true feelings about you. Since I love you. This desire and all every foolish immature utterance all I have demonstrated over the years to my heart there always has been love. Please embrace this & never question that I loved my little sister.

I am very happy to have been for myself the special person you have become I envy you! Happa-go-lucky attitude & the bounty of friendship which constantly have surrounded you throughout your life. Fortunate, fortunate you!

You need to be strong for Mom. Help me in any way possible. Help you myself comprehend there was no way out. I.E. Last strategy for me. Other than the one I have chosen here. As you read this letter I probably repented in heme — Now I am at peace. With complete certainty, I believe Dad is standing watch prepared to guide me into the light.

I will see you & Mom again someday. Rest assured if possible I will linger over each of you from the other side.

Until we see each other again,

Love always, D.R.

on several other prominent Beltway figures.

Palfrey's sudden demise immediately generated widespread suspicion of foul play. In an interview after her body was discovered, Flynt told FoxNews.com, "I think the media should be very cautious in treating this as a suicide." Also expressing suspicion, Fox talk-show host Geraldo Rivera called for Florida Governor Charlie Crist to order a full investigation.

D.C. private investigator Dan Moldea, who knew Palfrey and had worked with Larry Flynt to obtain her information, took the opposite view, claiming she told him she'd sooner commit suicide than go to jail. However, in a recorded interview with radio host Alex Jones shortly before her death, Palfrey declared, "No, I am not planning to commit suicide."

Speaking with HUSTLER in 2007, Jeanette Maier—the former madam of the Canal Street Brothel in New Orleans—confirmed that D.C. Madam client David Vitter had also frequented her establishment in his pre-Washington years. Now, in the wake of the Eliot Spitzer scandal and the suspicious death of Palfrey, Maier is speaking out about the threats facing women who know too much.

HUSTLER: What was your first thought when you heard about the death of Deborah Jeane Palfrey?

JEANETTE MAIER: She was murdered! There are several reasons: She was looking at 55 years [in prison], but she would only get four to six. She was also working out a deal with someone to write a book. The owner of the condo she lived in said she was leaving with a box of papers. Where did those papers go? She also said to him, "I think people are following me." That's why she was going to her mother's house. Why would a woman go to her mother's house so her mother could find her dead? She would have hung herself in her condo if she were going to commit suicide that way.

Palfrey allegedly said she would kill herself before going back to jail.

A lot of people facing time will say stuff like that. I've said it, but I would never commit suicide. I did time in jail. It was a vacation. Palfrey was looking at only four to six years. There was no reason for that woman to kill herself. She had too much to gain by not doing so. The last interview she gave was on *The Alex Jones Show*. She's on tape saying, "I'm not planning to commit suicide. I plan on defending myself vigorously." She specifically said that there was a vendetta out on her and that she would likely be "suicided."

Do you think Palfrey was murdered because of information she had, or do you think it was a revenge killing?

I think there was something she was hiding that was bigger than information she had already released. The people in the current establishment have got a lot to hide, and this lady knew a lot about them. There are rumors that Dick Cheney's name could have been on that list, [although Palfrey admitted that she didn't know for a fact that he was a client].

What about other cases similar to this one?

Brandy Britton, who worked for Palfrey and who saw many politicians, was also murdered right before her trial. Hung. She had everything ahead of her. She was young, bright, never talked about suicide; then she's found hanging. [Britton allegedly was an escort for Randall Tobias.]

There's also the case of Sylvia Landry, a Baton Rouge madam. In 1992 she opened up a business, and in '94 she [allegedly] sent black flowers [to her clients] in the state capital because they were going to give her jail time and weren't helping her. She escaped a federal prison only to be caught again, supposedly. Then she's found hung in her cell [in Texas]. Why would she do that when she had money to gain by writing about these freaks? They need to reopen the Landry case.

Why has there been a pattern of hangings as opposed to other methods?

If the police go in with forensics, everything has to be perfect. [In staged gunshot suicides] the victims have to have powder on their hands and perfect aim. There's too much that would point to murder. So the best thing to do is hang them. Then they can just say, "Oh,

WHY THE D.C. MADAM'S "SUICIDE" SHOULD BE QUESTIONED:

- Deborah Jeane Palfrey released information damaging to several powerful individuals and told acquaintances that she planned to reveal more if her trial resulted in a guilty verdict.
- Palfrey stated on the record that she would not kill herself and that if she were killed, the perpetrators would make it look like a suicide.
- Palfrey was found hanging, a rare method of suicide for women. Police ruled her death a suicide *prior* to an autopsy.
- Acquaintances insist that it is highly unlikely that Palfrey would have hanged herself where her mother would find her. Blanche Palfrey stated she had no indication her daughter was suicidal.
- The date on Palfrey's alleged suicide notes was not the same as the date of her death, and the notes were found at a different location.
- Palfrey allegedly said she feared prison, but she knew she was taking a risk when she rejected plea bargain offers and opted for a jury trial.
- Palfrey faced a maximum of 55 years behind bars, but was widely expected to be sentenced to only four to eight years, based on the court's advisory guidelines.
- Palfrey's alleged suicide notes said that she couldn't bear to be "penniless" when released from prison. However, she had plans to capitalize on her story, including a book and a movie.

well, she hung herself because she was depressed." But women don't [usually] hang themselves; that's a fact. First of all, we don't know anything about tying nooses, and we like to leave a beautiful corpse.

I once had a contract on my life. The man that was supposed to carry it out actually came to me and told me I was supposed to be killed, hung. But because he knew me, he wasn't going to do that. Hookers all know that's how they kill. I know what to expect when they come for me. I have a big knife, just waiting. I'm ready; and believe me, you will find DNA.

What about a Louisiana connection in the Palfrey case? U.S. Senator David Vitter was named and shamed by her information.

I wouldn't put it past anybody right now. Other than [politics in] Washington, D.C., Louisiana politics are probably the most rotten. They think of us not as ladies, but a bunch of hookers. Just another whore is dead, you know? We are mothers, sisters, daughters and grandmothers. Society has to see us differently, and they have to see the system as corrupt.

I've slept with people that shoot drugs and sleep with hookers on the taxpayer's money. I know because I got a lot of your tax dollars! I asked one city politician as he was sticking a needle in his arm, "When are you guys going to fix the streets?" He looked at his arm, he looked at me and said, "These are the streets."

If you are found hanged, how will we know it wasn't suicide?

I would not kill myself that way. I would never hang myself. You got times when your bills are piling up, and you think, *I can't handle all the crap that's on my shoulders right now*. But you make it through and hope for the future. I'm working on a possible sitcom and a couple of book deals. Why would I kill myself knowing that there's a possibility of me coming into a lot of money? I've got a whole future ahead of me, just as Deborah had, just as Landry had. We have no reason to kill ourselves.

What do you recommend to women who know too much, such as Palfrey did, and whose lives may therefore be in danger?

Don't run, don't hide and don't keep quiet. Let everybody know. I said on the radio: If I am found dead, it was them. Make sure you give all your information to somebody you trust. Tell them who you think may be after you. And leave a code for your family. Let people know that if you leave a suicide note, there's going to be a special mark on that paper, a doodle or something, that means you were forced to sign it. Don't be afraid to continue living. Show your face, be on TV. They're going to come after you, so get as much information out there as you can. Make them more afraid of you than you are of them.

Jeanette Maier's upcoming books include *Hooked on Hookers* with Pittsburgh madam Paula Cherish. She also sells hand-dipped soy candles. Call 504-263-2781 to order.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

She Kicks Ass

NIKKI JAYNE

God bless our great trade relations with England! It allows us to showcase the country's latest dazzling export, **Nikki Jayne**. "I'm so excited to finally get to do what I always dreamed of," the spanking-new Vivid Video gal exults, "moving to America to become a porn star!"

Turning her back on being prim and proper, the statuesque bombshell confides, "In England, sex is not really that big of a deal. It is something that girls talk about and do all the time. I've always been open to trying all kinds of stuff."

Since **Nikki** is so open, we have to ask what gets her English muffin extra-hot. “What a question!” she retorts. “How much time do you have? I love a good, hard shag, but I also get into romance now and then. It all depends on my mood. Sometimes it’s off with the clothes and right at it. Other times it’s soft music, candles, kisses all over my body and hours of foreplay. Either way I know that the person I’m with is going to get off multiple times—because once is never enough.”

NIKKI JAYNE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Manchester, England | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-10

Finally, we prod **Nikki** for her thoughts on posing as a fighting buff. “That was brilliant!” the breathtaking Brit exclaims. “I come from a family of seven boys, so I really had to learn to scrap like them at an early age. And I really love junk food! That means I have to work out constantly. I spend about two hours in the gym each day to keep in tip-top shape. I’m ready to kick ass with anyone. Wanna try me?”

SHEEHAN'S PLEDGE: IMPEACHMENT NOW!

PEACE MOM CINDY SHEEHAN FIGHTS FOR NANCY PELOSI'S SEAT.

Californian Cindy Sheehan burst into the public consciousness in the summer of 2005. Setting up a camp in a roadside ditch a few miles from George W. Bush's Texas ranch, the antiwar activist declared she wasn't leaving until the President met with her face-to-face. Sheehan had recently lost her son Casey in the Iraq War, the personal tragedy waking her up to the gross injustice of the Bush Administration's policies. Bush shunned the grieving mother, but Sheehan and her Camp Casey became galvanizing symbols of the antiwar movement, with influential people like talk-show hosts Randi Rhodes and Bree Walker joining her.

Infuriated by the unwillingness of the Democrats in Congress to take on Bush and Cheney, the 51-year-old Sheehan is now running as an independent against Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi in California's 8th Congressional District (San Francisco). Sheehan spoke with us about the Pelosi problem, the difficulties facing America's antiwar movement and what she'll do when she becomes a member of Congress.

HUSTLER: What made you jump from activist to political candidate?

CINDY SHEEHAN: We were very disappointed by Nancy Pelosi back in November of 2006, when she took impeachment off the table. We've been even more disappointed that she has continued to fund George W. Bush's war and not put any checks and balances on him. Since she's been Speaker of the House, [government agencies] have increased their ability to spy on Americans without warrant, and torture has still not been eliminated as a policy. She's just been a complete disaster.

Cindy Sheehan leads a July 2007 impeachment march in Washington, D.C.

Pelosi's main donors are corporate lobbyists; [she also takes money from] Goldman Sachs and defense industry contractors like Lockheed Martin and General Dynamics. Look back on her history as Speaker. You can directly link what she allows to get to the floor for a vote to her main contributors.

She's corporate-owned. She doesn't represent the people of San Francisco, and the only reason she's been elected so many times is that there really hasn't been any credible opposition. She gets 86% of a very small number of voters.

Nancy Pelosi represents everything that's wrong with America right now. Eighty-one percent of Americans think our country is headed in the wrong direction, and she's one of the leaders leading us on this wrong path. Challenging corporate control of the two-party system here in San Francisco is the right thing in the right place at the right time.

If you become a member of Congress, what will you do first?

When I become a member of Congress, I will be sworn in on January 3, and George Bush will be in office until January 20. Every day between the time I'm sworn in until the time he leaves office, I will introduce articles of impeachment against him, and I will use the contacts I have made all over the world to have Bush and Cheney indicted.

It's very important that our leaders be held accountable for what they do to the world, just as other world leaders have had to be tried for war crimes and crimes against humanity. It's important to end the war and the occupations of Iraq and Afghanistan. We need to stop dumping $22.3 billion a month occupying these countries.

Camp Casey: Sheehan makes a stand outside Bush's Texas ranch in August 2005.

But we also have an economic crisis right now. The stimulus plan that Congress and George Bush agreed on is just a band-aid. We need to slash the Pentagon budget; we need to heal our military by ending their deployment in the Middle East. We need to invest this money into our communities. We're not going to have a progressive domestic agenda until we end this gross militarism and aggression around the world.

Why has there been a media blackout of your campaign?

The corporate media supports the status quo, and Nancy Pelosi represents that establishment—not just here in San Francisco but nationwide. When I first announced my campaign, the *San Francisco Chronicle* had a tiny paragraph somewhere on page 13 or 14. But last month a local area soldier was killed in Iraq, and his dad wrote some nasty things about me, and they printed that. The *Chronicle* took that opportunity to mention me in a very negative way, using a dad's grief to attack me. But we got good coverage from independent media or progressive media, and there are a few smaller newspapers that have covered the campaign and printed my op-eds.

What voter base are you relying on?

We're meeting with a lot of union organizers and working-class people who have been devastated by eight years under the Bush Administration. We're reaching out to people of color and the young. We want to energize those who have been left out of the system. And we have support from Greens, Libertarians, Republicans, progressive Democrats. It's a broad coalition. When we got to San Francisco, our base was the antiwar peace community, and we've been building on that.

Are you focusing on Pelosi voters who are disappointed with her?

We've met very few people who still support Nancy Pelosi. And after we tell them why we're running, they get it. So I don't think it's going to be that hard. We're never going to get "Downtown Democrats," the ones profiting from real estate deals that Nancy Pelosi is involved in, and other corporate war profiteers. But I'm sure we're going to be able to energize enough people to vote for me so we will be victorious in November.

Camp Casey was a huge media event. Is that the kind of strategy the peace movement should be adopting?

I didn't go to Crawford, Texas, to stage a media event. That was purely spontaneous. What I've learned since then is to keep the movement out of the general media. There have been several great events since Camp Casey that have not gotten the coverage they deserve. Even when I go on the media, they always want to bring on somebody who's pro-war to debate me or dispute what I'm saying. The corporate media is owned by very few entities, and most of them profit off the war. August of '05 was the first time many people in America had even heard a dissenting voice. Then they saw it wasn't just one voice; it was millions of voices.

What is the way forward for the peace movement?

In May 2007, I *(continued on page 108)*

SCREEN NAME:

Bambi Lovedoll

AGE: 27

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 5,318

LOCATION: Offenbach, Germany

URL: MySpace.com/BambiLovedoll

Continuing HUSTLER's quest to showcase the hottest girls from the World Wide Web, we now present a fräulein who's frank about femmes, fetishes and *Fahrvergnügen* (the joy of driving).

Born in the heart of Germany, Bambi had a typically enlightened European upbringing. Now in college, she's studying politics and linguistics, with a rewarding sideline to boot. "Rubbing myself with a popsicle for cash beats driving a cab," admits the uninhibited, sex-craving libertine.

Bambi, who quips that her piercings are a good road map for new lovers, enjoys cunnilingus only if it's done properly. "If you don't know the right spots," she huffs, "don't bother." But besides knowing their way around a pussy, guys who want to stick around awhile had best be "showered and shaved." In a voice that could make Ikea instructions seem pornographic, Bambi pipes, "When I blow a guy, I don't want hairs in my mouth. If I wanted that, I'd lick his head."

Sharing a HUSTLER taste, the bodacious tart adds, "I like playing with blond girls with big tits." But she hardly remembers the specifics of her last lesbo hookup. It seems Bambi also has a taste for a popular German beverage. "I had a few beers too many that night," she sheepishly recollects.

While fond of Americans, the MySpacer frets over their limited language skills. "The only German words they know are *Blitzkrieg* and *Volkswagen*." So dear Bambi now offers a brief Teutonic tutorial: "If I take a guy's cock into my mouth, that's called *einen blasen*, and eating pussy is *Möse lecken*. Fucking is *ficken*. I personally like the deep dick doggy-style, or *von hinten*, in my *Fotze*—a vulgar term for cunt." Anal, which doesn't need a German equivalent, is also part of Bambi's sex life. "But never on the first night!"

Knowing some nasty Deutsch lingo will be helpful when connecting with this Prussian princess, who presides over **BambiLand.net**, her lurid Web site. Bidding farewell—that's *Auf Wiedersehen*—Bambi reiterates her mantra, "I love to get men off by being naked, naughty and kinky!"

THE GIRLS O

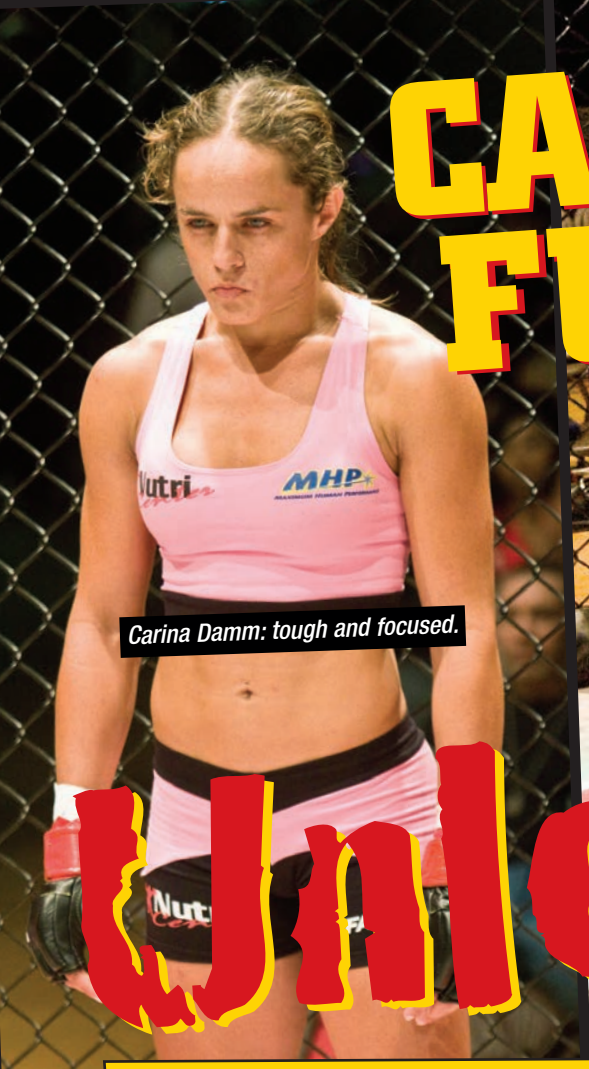
BY JOSH STEICHMANN

PHOTOS BY EYE C.U. PHOTOGRAPHY

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

OF MYSPACE: BAMBI

CAGED FURY



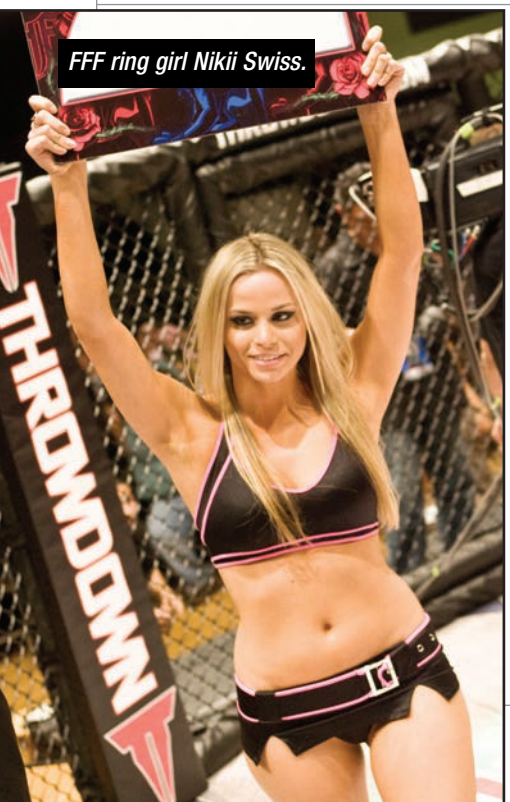
Carina Damm: tough and focused.

Sofie "B.A." Bagherdai and Carina Damm hold nothing back.

Unleashed

Welcome to Fatal Femmes Fighting. Foxy boxing, this is not!

WHAT IS MIXED MARTIAL ARTS? As its name implies, mixed martial arts combines aspects of numerous fighting styles, including Muay Thai, wrestling, kickboxing, karate, judo, jujutsu, Brazilian jiu-jitsu, aikido, taekwondo and boxing.



FFF ring girl Nikii Swiss.

"Lethal" Lana Stefanac does not step into the circular cage—she charges in like a raging rhino. Standing 5-feet-10 and packing 210 pounds of pure muscle, the mixed martial arts combatant cuts an imposing figure. Her opponent in the Fatal Femmes Fighting Championship (FFF) heavyweight-title bout, Teyvia Reid, lasts less than 40 seconds of the first round. Stefanac's record runs up to 6-0 via submission, i.e., inducing an opponent to toss in the towel.

This was just one of many fights on tap as the FFF's "Call of the Wild" took over Los Angeles's Shrine Expo Center. Given unprecedented access, HUSTLER was able to catch all the action and meet a handful of the toughest women on Earth.

FFF, the only sanctioned league in the U.S. that regularly offers all-women cards, is the brainchild of former television producer Ilan Lewinger, who saw a gaping hole in the MMA universe. "We recognized that the industry was missing a certain amount of sex appeal," Lewinger stated. "The fighting is of the same caliber and quality as UFC [Ultimate Fighting Championship] or EliteXC. It just happens that women really, really add to the excitement of what we're doing. I do think inherently that women's fighting

Triumphant Carina Damm a/k/a The Brazilian Barbie.

PHOTOS BY DARRELL MIHO

PHOTO BY ERIC ALTHOFF

Sofie Bagherdai champions a heavy-weight mag.

PHOTO BY ERIC ALTHOFF

has a certain air of sexuality to the male viewer, and it's that sex appeal we think is interesting to the public."

From the truck-driving physique of "Lethal" Lana Stefanac to the petite and beautiful Meisha Tate, the FFF lineup entails a cross-section of womanhood—tough yet feminine.

But you can throw out any notions in your mind of foxy boxing niceties. In a preliminary "Call of the Wild" match, Sarah Schneider thrashed Ashley Sanchez, who emerged from the cage with bloodstains all over her black-and-pink jumper from a busted-up nose. (Fortunately, it wasn't broken.) In her American debut, Japanese sensation Takayo Hashi pummeled Yankee Amanda Buckner before Carina Damm—known as "The Brazilian Barbie"—handed Sofie Bagherdai her first loss.

Before her match with Teyvia Reid, Stefanac confided, "I think combative martial arts are more for women than they are for men because women typically are—I don't mean to say this because all the feminazis will go crazy—smaller, so they should know how to protect themselves more than a man. If I had a son and a daughter, I would assume that they would both be very tough, but I would make sure that my daughter was tougher than my son."

PHOTOS BY DARRELL MIHO

Sarah Schneider (right) renders Ashley Sanchez closer to submission.

This ain't ballet: Teyvia Reid (left) meets "Lethal" Lana Stefanac.

PHOTO BY ERIC ALTHOFF

New HUSTLER fan: Lisa "The Black Widow" King.

Providing expert commentary at the "Call of the Wild" event was Lisa "The Black Widow" King. At 5-foot-5 and in tip-top condition, she is both stunningly gorgeous and extremely cordial. "I always had a passion for watching martial arts in the movies," King remarked, "but my mother wanted me in beauty pageants and cheerleading—very female-oriented activities. When I was of age and didn't have to ask Mom anymore, I started researching martial arts gyms. I needed something action-packed, and I found Muay Thai."

Initially, King was working as an MMA commentator and had no aspirations to be a marquee fighter. But her sparring prowess caught the notice of her trainer, who encouraged King to battle professionally. "He said, 'I see it in you. You have the heart of a champion.' So I had my first fight, and it was the most amazing experience. I seriously got the bug."

While compiling an impressive 7-1-1 record, it hasn't always been smooth sailing for King. During one fight she got caught on the top rope while jumping into the ring. "It's literally the most ungraceful thing you could imagine," she recalled. "And everybody is laughing—my opponent and her trainer are crying [from laughter]." King had the last laugh though, pummeling her opponent in a unanimous decision.

At the 16-fight "Call of the Wild" event, billed as the largest all-women card ever, Sofie "B.A." Bagherdai chatted with HUSTLER before stepping into the cage. "I got into a

PHOTO BY ERIC ALTHOFF

Not a sore loser: Liz Carriero.

PHOTOS BY DARRELL MIHO

Japan's Takayo Hashi gets the better of Amanda Buckner.

couple of fights in high school, [but] it's definitely much better to get paid for it," the 5-foot badass chuckled. "I think that women can do anything men can do. Sometimes women train harder than men and fight better than men."

Seated ringside with the best view in the house, Lisa King witnessed every punch, kick and shattered nose. "When I'm sitting there sidelined, and I'm watching people fight, I want to be up in there!" she said enthusiastically. "But when I sit and do ring announcing, I can feel the fighters' energy, and I think that comes through in my commentary. I'm talking about what they're experiencing, and not necessarily a lot of commentators have that." Because King has been there and done that, the fighters are typically obliging and forthright when she conducts pre- and post-fight interviews.

Also chatting up the girls after the matches was Mia "The Knockout" St. John, who as a boxer compiled a 44-9-2 record. *Playboy*'s November '99 covergirl, St. John went pro at the urging of notorious boxing promoter Don King. "Then MMA started getting a lot more publicity, and I crossed over," said the former Playmate, who in her first and only MMA match knocked her opponent to the mat in 44 seconds!

St. John interviewed Liz Carriero immediately after the gladiatrix was bloodied up pretty good by Alexis Davis. But that unanimous-decision defeat didn't stop Carriero from taking a moment to pose (smiling) with her favorite magazine.

"If you don't believe in yourself, and if you aren't putting in the hours doing the cardio and what not, it shows quite quickly whether you're good or not," Lisa King observed.

And what about the naysayers who claim this kind of stuff isn't "for girls"?

"As far as femininity is concerned, I love that people underestimate me going into the ring," King countered.

And beware those who think they could take on The Black Widow. "We're always training against someone of the opposite sex," King pointed out.

When queried whether men and women should fight one another professionally, she replied that while it does occur in the U.S., typically it is an exhibition match and nothing more, although it does happen in certain places overseas.

"There are some women who are heavyweights who just

Ring girl Raven Lexy titillates the boisterous crowd.

PHOTO BY ERIC ALTHOFF

Sofie Bagherdai gains the upper hand, but Carina Damm ultimately prevails.

PHOTO BY DARRELL MIHO

can't find other women," King said of such coed contests. "And guys maybe at the end of their career. I can think of a couple of instances where I actually feel bad for the men. If they win, they beat a girl. If they lose, they got their ass kicked by a girl. So it's kind of a lose-lose situation for them."

Still want to try The Black Widow on for size? "I think the advantage of getting in the cage is we finally get to test ourselves against a person our own size," King added.

For the revved-up male spectators at the Shrine Expo Center, "Call of the Wild" treated them not only to the feisty Fatal Fighting Femmes themselves, but also to a bevy of lovely ring girls. When aspiring model Raven Lexy was asked what brought her to the festivities, the vivacious ring call smiled from ear to ear and said, "The fact that I get paid to wear almost nothing!"—with that "almost nothing" showing off her ample endowments.

In the evening's lightweight-championship match, Vanessa Porto of Brazil unsuccessfully tried to unseat the fearsome Roxanne Modafferi, whose record thus improved to 12-4-0.

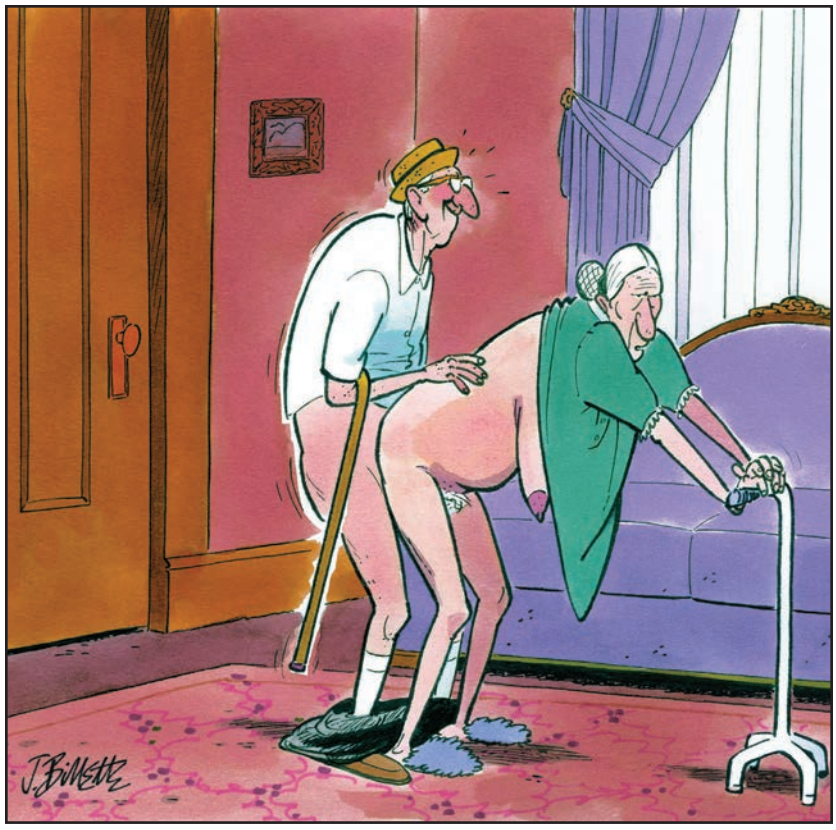
"Lethal" Lana Stefanac was quick to point out that this kind of aggression belongs inside the ring alone. "I hate violent people," she proclaimed emphatically. "When someone says, 'I got into this bar fight,' it just turns my stomach. A bar fight is nothing like what I do. I enter a ring or a cage with 100-percent respect for my opponent, and I leave with even more. When you get into a bar fight with someone because he's looking at your wife or something like that, there's a total lack of respect there for both parties." Smirking, Stefanac asserted, "I respect everybody—unless they're jerks and assholes."

Despite making a living by scrapping, the fighters still want the same things other women do, namely quality companionship. "We're generally pretty aggressive individuals," Lisa King acknowledged in perhaps a grand understatement. "I think probably the biggest obstacle for a lot of female fighters is finding a person that can hang with their schedule. I look for someone who is very understanding and easygoing on my schedule. I don't care if it's Valentine's Day; I'm going to train! This is what I love. And they also need to know that when training, I'm going to be in there grappling with guys. If you're jealous, this is probably not the right person for you."

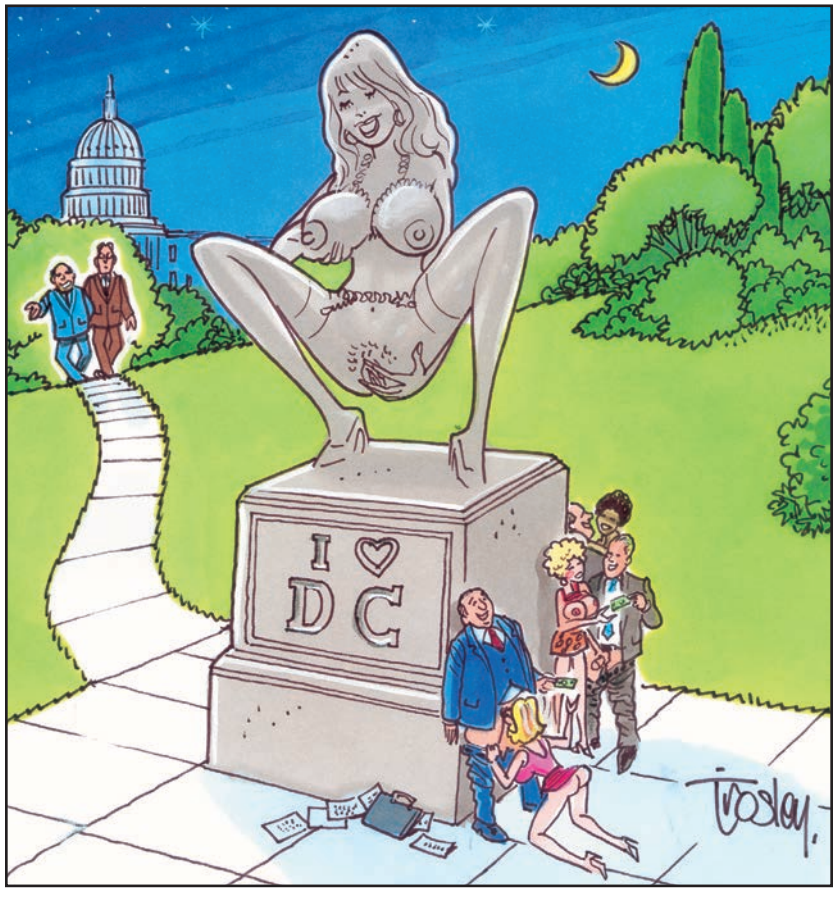
Sorry, fellas, The Black Widow is engaged.

For info on upcoming FFF events and much more, check out **FatalFemmesFighting.com**.

Besides HUSTLER, Copy Editor Eric Althoff has written for *Pasadena Magazine*, *Set Decor*, *USC Trojan Family Magazine* and *California Construction* magazine. In his spare time, Althoff is working on his first novel and a play.



"I hate to nag you, Walter, but it's been 54 years. When will you ask for a divorce?!"



"She was an escort here in Washington who was clever enough to donate lots and lots of money to the park commission."

KNOCKOUTS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

BROOKE BANNER & SOCHEE MALA

In the near corner we have porn champion of the world **Brooke Banner**—the tower of terror, the blond bomber ready to throw down. And in the far corner we have challenger **Sochee Mala**—the fire-breathing vixen with an overwhelming desire to take Brooke's crown.

Fight fans, this snatch match is sure to be a battle to remember. Both of these legendary ladies of lust are hungry for victory. Well, that and the irresistible taste of each other's sopping-wet twats.

Okay, ladies, we want you to touch lips and give us an unclean fight.

As the grappling and grabbing begin, sexual hijinks are right behind. Each sweaty warrior is willing to do whatever it takes to come out victorious. This includes malicious hair-pulling, lascivious ass-slapping and furious finger-fucking. Regardless of who ultimately triumphs in the cage, seeing these two knockouts getting it on like true champions is sure to have you down for the count.

See **Brooke Banner** cooking in *Adventure Sex #2*, *All Girl Fantasies: No Boys Allowed*, *Busty Beauties #11*, *Hot Showers #12*, *Busty Beauties: More Than a Handful #1* and *Young Girls' Fantasies #7*, not to mention **Sochee Mala** (a/k/a Sochee Malo) doing everything you want her to in *Barely Legal #83* and *Real College Girls: Lesbian Stories*—all from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Clothing and boxing gear courtesy of **TakeaNapFightGear.com** and **ConquestMMA.com**.

Conquest
mixed martial arts

TAME LAND
FIGHT GEAR

Confessions of a SCREAM QUEEN

B-movie icon **BRINKE STEVENS** bares the sticky truth about dying for a living.

A funny thing happened on my way to talk to dolphins. I died about 58 times: shot, stabbed, staked through the heart, carved alive on a morgue slab, impaled with a power drill, sucked into quicksand and chewed up by zombies. Occasionally I got my chance to strike back. I've drained people's blood, pulled out their hearts, knifed them to mincemeat and chased them with a chainsaw. Along the way I got naked—a lot.

Through choice or fate or just the path of least resistance, I became a cult celebrity, a damsel in distress, a B-movie heroine—what's come to be known as a "scream queen." Along the way—has it really been more than 25 years?—I've had to adjust to major changes in the ways monster and murder movies have been made and marketed.

All this was such a 180-degree change from the introverted little girl who wanted to be a marine biologist. Growing up in a rural Southern California town, I always felt alienated. I'm three-quarters German and one-quarter Mongolian—small, dark, with olive skin and almond eyes. The rest of my family is tall, pale, blond and blue-eyed. Neighbors assumed my parents had adopted a Korean orphan.

At age five the first movie I ever saw was a cartoon called *The Snow Queen*. Never mind the sweet boy and girl heroes. I liked the title character: dark, powerful and magical. My later role models were comic book heroines: Wonder Woman, Vampirella, Modesty Blaise and the wickedly exotic Dragon Lady from the *Terry and the Pirates* comic strip.

I wanted to be an astronaut so I could study alien creatures close up. When I realized the space program wasn't keeping pace with my ambitions, I switched graduate schools and enrolled at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at the University of California, San Diego. Later, armed with a master's degree in marine biology, I headed out to sea, but it wasn't exactly *Baywatch*. Aboard ship, wearing countless layers of foul-weather gear, I looked like a sexless blob while working a hydraulic winch to net fish specimens.

In 1980 I turned my back on science to marry my childhood sweetheart, the pinup artist Dave Stevens. He'd developed a comic book, *The Rocketeer*, that almost single-handedly launched the Bettie Page revival. I posed for all his Bettie drawings and spent a lot of time in weird positions, trussed up like a turkey and bent over the back of a sofa. Within six months our marriage had sputtered (perhaps due to his affair with a sexy young art student), and I suddenly found myself alone in Los Angeles.

While I tried in vain to find a science-related job, I also took my portfolio to various modeling agencies. (Back in San Diego, I had modeled for catalog stuff like skiwear and greeting cards.) One day I wandered past a casting office, eyeing all the framed movie posters. The casting agent hired me on the spot. The next day I had my first "extra" role in a Peter Falk film, *...All the Marbles*, about female wrestling. In that sense I didn't choose my next career; it chose me. Until then, becoming an actress had never occurred to me.

I learned that I'd earn only $35 a day as a clothed extra in a crowd scene but could make up to $1,000 as a nude extra in a shower scene. Since a gal's gotta support herself, I took a lot of cinematic showers—including some high-profile hits like *Private School* and *The Man Who Wasn't There*. Fans started sending me fluffy towels for my birthday.

I was told I'd never get work without a nosejob and breast implants. I didn't listen, and it never seemed to matter. And in the long run, my naturally small bosom has probably saved me a lot of lower-back pain from carrying silicone bags around.

I graduated to very small parts in very big movies. I worked with Brian De Palma on *Body Double*, Rob Reiner on *This Is Spinal Tap* and Tony Perkins on

*Menaced by killer bots in **Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity**.*

PHOTO BY JULIE STRAIN

PHOTO BY KEN MARCUS/COURTESY BRINKE STEVENS

An undead Brinke orders a well-done stake in ***Web of Darkness****.*

PHOTO COURTESY RICK DANFORD

Psycho 3. (When Norman Bates watches Diana Scarwid through the peephole, he's actually looking at *my* bare bottom!) Unable to break through that "glass ceiling," I was destined to become a big fish in a rather small pond.

Horror movies have always been cyclical. In the 1980s we entered a bloody new age characterized by sadistic, voyeuristic sexism. I remember sitting in Roger Corman's office at New World Pictures. Clutched in my hand was a battered copy of *Dramalogue* magazine in which I'd circled an ad: "A dozen pretty young girls needed to get naked and die horribly."

Maybe it was the way I screamed so convincingly at the audition—or perhaps the fact that I agreed to bare my breasts. Anyway, I made the cut for *The Slumber Party Massacre*.

I played the first teenage victim of a homicidal maniac who terrorizes an all-girl sleepover. Michael Villella, who played the driller killer, stayed in character throughout the shoot. I watched him sit alone at lunch as he applied Vaseline and lovingly stroked his killer drill bit. On the day I died, I was covered in sticky, sweet, blood-red Karo syrup. Every flying insect on the block hunted me down and stuck to me.

In *Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity*, I reprised the Fay Wray role of a shipwreck survivor in a sci-fi update of 1932's *The Most Dangerous Game*. It was set on a distant planet instead of an island, with robots instead of hunting hounds. The film didn't seem objectionable to me (despite my rape, bondage and eventual murder), and it actually played in one of the giant old movie palaces in downtown Los Angeles.

However, a couple of years later, some Southern Baptist woman and her son caught a few minutes of it on cable and were mentally scarred for life or something. (I'd bet it wasn't the boy who was bitching.) The complaints led to conservative politician Jesse Helms denouncing the movie by name from the floor of the U.S. Senate. Since Senator Helms's reputation was founded on racial and sexual repression, I wear his condemnation as a perverse badge of honor.

A new cycle of the stalk-and-slash trend began. The objective was no longer to scare the viewers but to gross them out. Producers targeted teen and college-age males. Film critic Joe Bob Briggs pointed out that "blood, breasts and beasts" was the equation for success—and breasts were the cheapest special effect in the film business.

I just wanted to pay the rent, so I adopted a very blue-collar outlook, taking all jobs that were offered. They weren't always easy. *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-a-Rama* (1988) was shot in a San Diego bowling alley, 12 hours every night, from 9 p.m. till 9 a.m. For my "art," I dislocated my knee in a fight scene with a demon-possessed schoolgirl.

In *Haunting Fear*, I frantically clawed my way out of a wooden coffin, completely insane, to stalk my cheating husband and his lover. In *Cyberzone*, I played a stripper for the first time in my life and danced for 12 hours straight. Afterward I limped to the dressing room, feeling like I'd been beaten up by thugs. Oh, the glamour.

Tabloid TV shows like *Hard Copy* and *Entertainment Tonight* did entire programs about my titillating way of life. Routinely, I would check the *National Enquirer*, curious to see if I was featured as a "Would you be caught dead in this outfit?" fashion victim yet again. As my films flooded video stores and late-night cable, I even became a *Jeopardy!* question: "Brinke Stevens has this nearly rhyming title." And the contestant got the correct answer: "What is a scream queen?" He made $800—more than I've made on any number of films!

Inevitably, things changed again in the 1990s. Direct-to-video product hit a major slump due to a glut of B-titles and the rise

Out of her mind after a premature burial in ***Haunting Fear.***

Striking a pose for her comic book ***Brinke of Eternity.***

of ultraconservative megachains like Blockbuster. A grassroots revolution took hold as smaller digital cameras and at-home editing programs made filmmaking accessible to millions of amateurs. For a few thousand dollars—or even a few hundred—anyone could make a movie.

By then I had become pigeonholed as a "B-movie actor." It was a catch-22: Agents took one glance at my résumé and refused to take me seriously, but job offers poured in from young, first-time horror directors, many of whom had grown up watching my films. No longer confined to Hollywood studios, I got to work all over the country. Scenic regional locations became the new backdrop, like the rotting old 1880s Institution for the Criminally Insane in Virginia for *Apocalypse*, as well as a burned-out Florida warehouse for *Corpses Are Forever*.

While shooting *November Son* somewhere in Wisconsin, I had to wade into a scummy backwater pond and wrestle with a not-so-dead corpse in a floating coffin. Nobody in her right mind would have entered that disgusting swamp, but I did…because that's what the script called for.

There was still fun on the sets. Playing a vampire queen in *Victoria's Shadow*, I was supposed to pick up a little girl, hoist her over my head and rip out her throat. To help me lift her body, the crew tied a rope around the girl's ankles and pulled her feetfirst over a high tree limb. As she hung there upside down, the black actor who played the cemetery caretaker watched bug-eyed from the sidelines and quipped, "I ain't never been to no lynchin' before, but them white folks, they be doin' it all wrong!" We ruined a half-dozen takes because none of us could stop laughing.

After more than a quarter of a century and over 120 movies, I'm no longer the nubile teenager that I was in 1980. Now I get to stay home in my pajamas and write that stuff for a living. I've segued into writing: magazine journalism, hardcover fiction and screenplays.

But I still enjoy acting. It pays nicely, I get to travel—and it's so much fun to scare the shit out of people!

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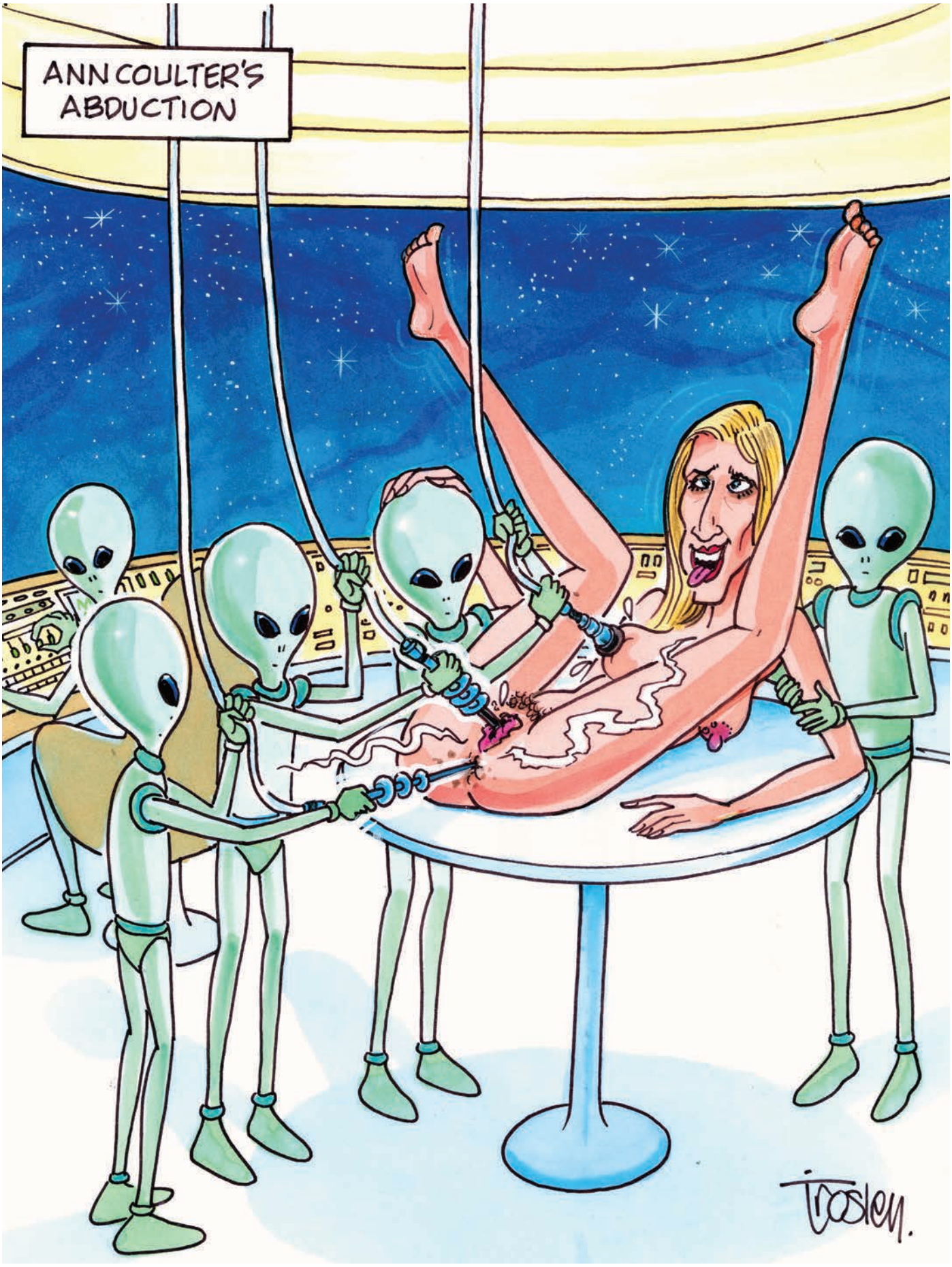
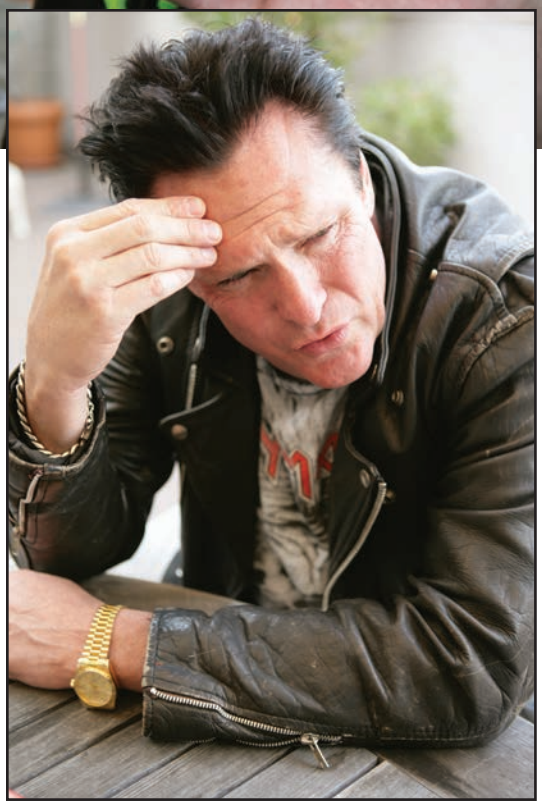


"Hey, no problem. I'm grateful for a close encounter of any kind!"

Michael Madsen: One Helluva Ride

Big-Screen Bad Guy Unloads



Michael Madsen has been cast as a likable tough guy in everything from *Reservoir Dogs* and *Donnie Brasco* to *Kill Bill: Volume 1* and *Volume 2*. The Chicago native stopped by HUSTLER to discuss working with director Quentin Tarantino, why he's not Tom Sizemore and his new film *Hell Ride*.

HUSTLER: Are there any questions I can ask that will make you douse me with gasoline and cut off my ear?

MICHAEL MADSEN: No. I'm not likely to do that. Can I ask you a question? Can anyone in the universe tell me why Ryan Seacrest has a star on Hollywood Boulevard? What has Ryan Seacrest ever done? Even if it's just a popularity contest, he's just a hired stooge.

I don't want to sound hostile, but maybe I've been around for 17 years, and I'm just starting to get disgusted by this town. You wonder if there was a global nuclear war and Britney Spears shaved her head again, what would be the top news story? Why am I even talking about her? People for some reason like train wrecks. They want to be around to witness the horror of somebody's downfall.

Has playing scary tough guys worked to your advantage?

The films I've done that have been successful feature me with a gun and a cigarette. I don't want to be 75 years old with a gun and a cigarette. *Donnie Brasco*, *Reservoir Dogs*, *Kill Bill*, *The Getaway* and things like that didn't do much to change the image people have of me. I've made a couple of pictures lately that I was a producer on that might help change my image a little bit. I did a cop thing with Daryl

Hannah called *Vice*. The film is the story of redemption. I also just played an Irish prizefighter in *Strength and Honour*, which is about as far away from what I'm known for as anything. It's a real tearjerker.

Are you trying to change your image?

I don't know if appearing in HUSTLER will give me the image of a family man. I play so many nefarious characters that I've been tagged by Hollywood as the bad-guy gun for hire. It's really kind of ironic because I'm just about anything but that. I have six sons.

Do you regret doing *Free Willy*?

No. I was really surprised when I got the *Free Willy* script and [was] happy to do it. Films like that balance things out a little bit. I don't regret it at all. The ironic thing about that film is that they made this big movie about a whale being set free, but in reality, when they tried to set Willy free, the damn thing didn't like the idea. They towed him behind some barge up in Iceland somewhere and let him go, but he turned around and said fuck it and came back. He would rather be fed buckets of fish by scantily clad girls than go out to sea and hunt for himself. (*Laughs.*)

What is working with Quentin Tarantino like?

It is stress-free. Funny thing about Quentin is that he hasn't really changed at all since the first time I met him—even before *Reservoir Dogs*. He's got bigger toys to play with, but he's still the same old guy. He's really excited about making movies. One of the things he says on the set sometimes is, "Let's do another take just 'cause we love it." Not because we have to.

Quentin knows what I'm going to do before I do it and understands me. I pretty much know what he's looking for. We don't have to have too much conversation about it. If I go too far, he'll just reel me in—or vice versa. The best part is he lets me fool around a little bit and usually keeps it in. A lot of directors are afraid to do that.

If you're an actor with an opinion, a lot of studios and directors find you a threat. They would rather employ puppets. There are a lot of them in the movies nowadays. The system being the way it is, Hollywood would have done away with Quentin a long time ago if they could have. Fortunately, his movies do too well, so they can't get rid of him. Thank God for that. He's writing a World War II thing for us now called *The Glorious Bastards*.

*Michael Madsen and Asia Argento get down to business in **Boarding Gate**.*

Do people often mistake you for fellow actor Tom Sizemore?

I think that would probably be a lot more beneficial for Tom than it would be for me. I have never been able to figure out the comparison. I don't get it or understand it. I guess we have been in the same kind of movies, but we're not the same kind of actor by any stretch of the imagination. I don't think we resemble each other. I haven't seen Tommy in a couple of years and don't know what he's up to.

No chance you'll also do a drug-fueled porn video?

Is that what he did?! (*Laughs.*) That's terrible. That's really sad. I'm not here to say anything bad about anybody, especially somebody who is in trouble. I hope he can find his way out. I would be precluded from that kind of thing because I got kids and responsibilities. I think sometimes people get really lost and desperate. The Hollywood system has a way of chewing people up and spitting them out. I think Tommy should have stayed off the talk shows when he first got in trouble. It only made it worse.

How did you get your start in the business?

Growing up, I always was into Humphrey Bogart and Bob Mitchum. I understood Bogart. Years later, when he made the transition from playing the bad guy to the good guy, I understood that. I guess I had this ridiculous fantasy in my head that I could be like them.

Do you hope to follow in Bogart's footsteps?

I'm a leading man trapped in a bad guy's body and have been trying to make the transition for a long time. I thought the film *Strength and Honour* would do that for me. It did very well at the Boston Film Festival. I thought there might be some Oscar consideration. But it's a low-budget movie, and you can forget getting your movie looked at unless you have an Academy campaign. I'm not saying I wouldn't play any more heavies, but I'd like to be able to diversify every once in a while. I'd like to ride off into the sunset with a woman after saving everyone in the town.

Which of your costars would you most like to do?

I just did a picture called *Boarding Gate* with Asia Argento. *(continued on page 110)*

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

HOLLY MORGAN

Hot as a Pistol

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

"I started my career as an exotic dancer," chirps smoking-hot **Holly Morgan**, "so doing a HUSTLER layout is kind of a return to form. It combines my top talents: getting naked and putting on a great show. Plus, secretly, I've always wanted to be a cowgirl, so this photo-shoot was awesome! I was also reminded how good that brass pole feels when it's rubbing between my legs. Being onstage makes me feel so powerful."

Since taking adult entertainment's ultimate step, starring in XXX videos, she has been a relentless performer. "I really want to make a big name for myself in porn," she says, "so I'm working every single day. On the rare occasion that I do get a day off, I love to pamper myself. I'll get a full-body massage, take a bubble bath and then find a hot guy to lick me right. I'm a workaholic *and* a sexaholic!"

Hustler

Especially fond of oral sex, horny Holly has some sage advice for men: “Learn to eat pussy. Learn to enjoy it and do it well. Women love a man who knows what to do with his mouth and tongue. Guys, do whatever it takes to get good at it. We’ll be more than willing to return the favor tenfold if you can make us come.”

See **Holly Morgan** go all out in *HUSTLER's Real College Girls #14*, *18 & Easy #6*, *Barely Legal Innocence #6* and *Busty Beauties #17* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

HOLLY MORGAN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Henderson, Nevada | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 110

While on a business trip to Alabama, Ed dropped by a local bar and was quickly singled out by the bartender. "You ain't from around here," he growled. "Where you from, boy?"

"I'm a taxidermist from Pennsylvania," Ed replied.

"What the fuck is a *tax-ee-der-mist*?" the dumb beer-slinger asked.

"I stuff and mount dead animals," the Yankee explained.

"It's okay, boys," the relieved barkeep shouted to the other patrons. "He's one of us!"

Question: What do Britney Spears's head and pussy have in common?

Answer: They've both been shaved and had Kevin Federline's dick in them.

After a late night of carousing, Leo's old lady lit into him at the front door. "You've been out fucking around again, haven't you?!" she screamed.

"What makes you think that?" Leo answered.

"There's lipstick on your shirt, asshole!" Leo's wife snorted.

"Oh, that," Leo said matter-of-factly. "I used my shirt to wipe off my dick!"

Question: What do a near-sighted gynecologist and a healthy puppy have in common?

Answer: A wet nose.

"Drinkin' makes you fuckin' beautiful!" Snake drawled to his latest biker girlfriend.

"But I don't drink," the butt-ugly broad insisted.

"Yeah," Snake countered, "but I do!"

Question: What's the best part about having a female boss?

Answer: Knowing that you'll always make more money than she does.

Two hookers were standing on a corner when they noticed a police car approaching. "Have you ever been picked up by the fuzz?" the first streetwalker asked.

"Hell, no!" the second floozy howled. "I keep mine shaved!"

Arriving home from work with a half gallon of ice cream, Stan asked his wife if she wanted any. "How hard is it?" she inquired.

"About as hard as my dick!" her always-horny husband exclaimed.

"All right," the missus chirped. "Pour me some!"

Question: Why is a good woman just like a bar?

Answer: Liquor in the front, poker in the rear!

On the eve of his wedding, Bob asked his grandfather for advice on how often he should expect to bang his new bride. "Well," the old expert remarked, "at first you'll get to fuck her several times a day. But after a while you'll settle for once a week, then once a month. Next thing you know, you're only getting it on your wedding anniversary."

"Gee, how often do you and Grandma go at it?" Bob wondered.

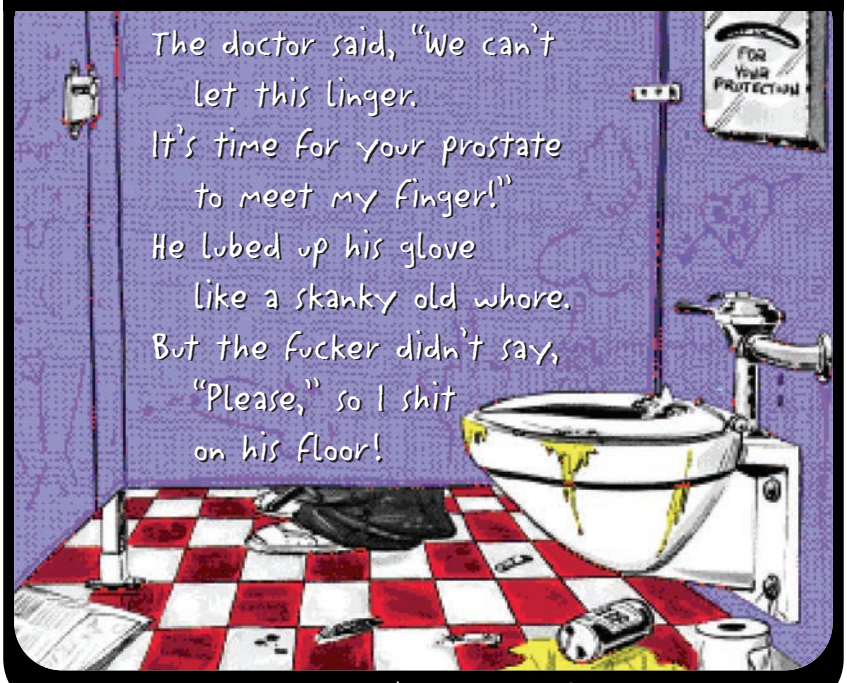
"We just have oral sex now," the geezer muttered, "but it's every night! She goes into her bedroom and yells, 'Fuck you!' And I holler back, 'Fuck you, too!'"

Question: What would some people have called the Flintstones if they'd been black?

Answer: Fucking niggers!

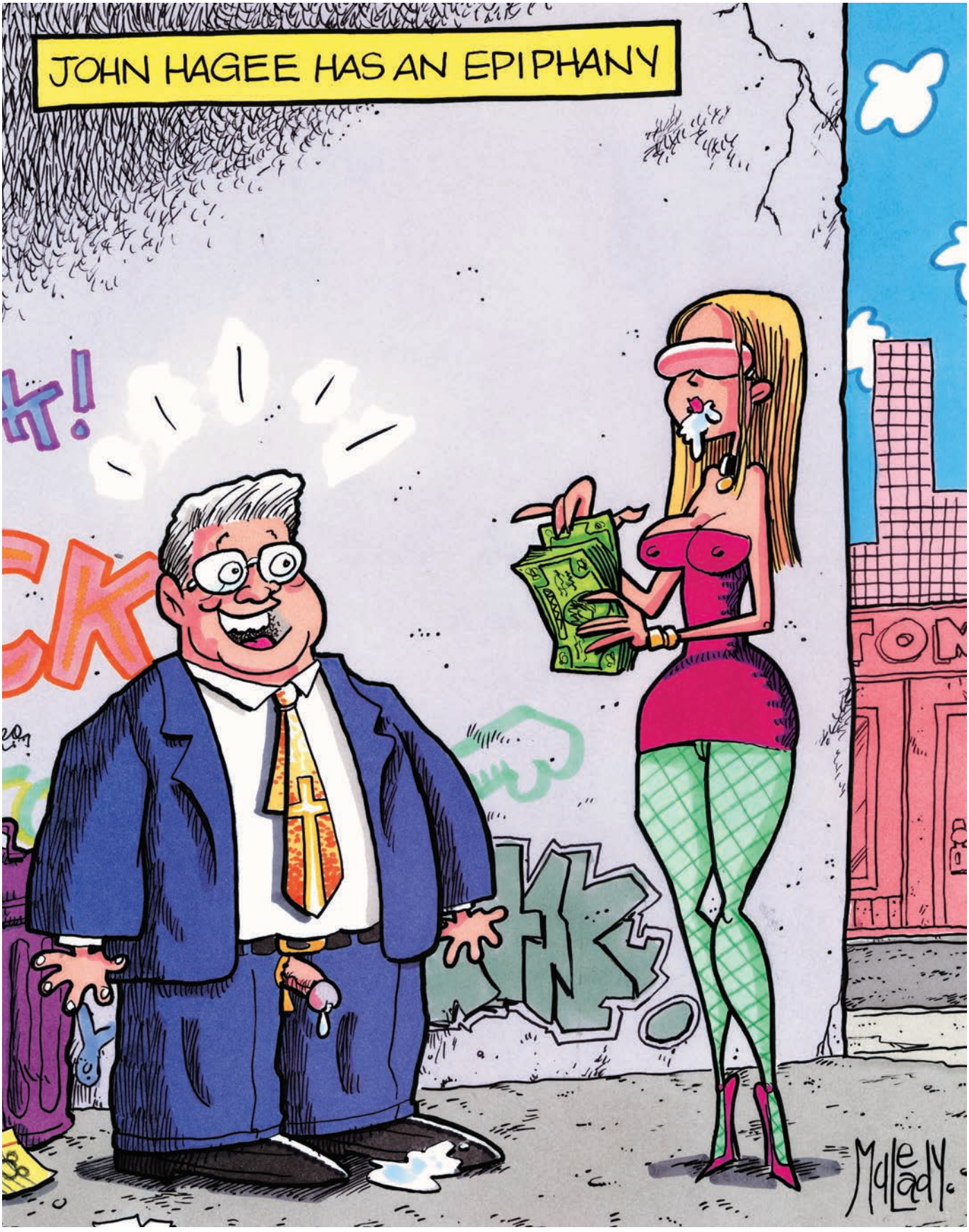
HUSTLER Fairy Tale: One day long, long ago there lived a lovely woman who never whined, nagged or bitched. But that was a long, long time ago, and it was just that one day. The End.

GRAFFILTHY


The doctor said, "We can't let this linger. It's time for your prostate to meet my finger!"
He lubed up his glove like a skanky old whore.
But the fucker didn't say, "Please," so I shit on his floor!
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Thanks and $50 go to Robert C.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"That was the best blowjob of my entire life! What a great whore!
You must be Catholic!"

MICK MARS

NOT DEAD YET

Our exclusive Halloween treat to you is an interview with reclusive Mötley Crüe guitarist Mick Mars.

Since 1981 guitar god Mick Mars has rocked millions worldwide with monster riffs. The aloof Mötley Crüe ax-slinger, who rarely grants interviews, shocked Music Editor Keith Valcourt by inviting him into his Malibu home for an exclusive chat.

HUSTLER: Are you up for debunking some Mick Mars urban legends?

MICK MARS: Yeah, go ahead!

Mick Mars is a recluse.

Yeah, pretty much.

Mick Mars is actually 93 years old.

(*Laughs.*) No, not quite. I just turned, ah. (*Pauses.*) Well, it's old to a lot of people, but to a lot of people I guess it isn't because they're older than me.

Mick Mars died in 1985 and was replaced by a robotic Mick.

What?! Let me say it this way: Robert Deal [the musician's birth name] died in 1980, and Mick Mars came about.

Mick Mars has had more women than the other three guys in Mötley Crüe combined.

I'll never say! (*Laughs.*)

How did you come to be regarded as "the stable guy" in the group?

Probably because I'm the oldest guy. I'm almost eight years older than Nikki [Sixx] is and a lot older than the other guys. I felt kind of like dad to them, guiding them. Tommy [Lee] had just turned 17 and Vince [Neil] was turning 19 when the band started. I was already like 30 years old. When we first recorded "Too Fast for Love," they didn't know what kind of studio to use. I showed them the ropes. Being that young, they were hellions. To be millionaires as teenagers is pretty crazy. I was already in my 30s, and I was like kind of over that. So probably I seemed like the boring guy in the band.

Has Mötley Crüe become respectable?

I think in some instances, yeah. But in others? No. There are still some crazy bastards in my band. They get a little out of hand sometimes, like they still think they're teenagers.

Do you have any advice for up-and-coming bands?

Not for the bands we have on the Crüe Fest tour with us because they know what they're doing. That's why we picked them. My advice to up-and-coming

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

bands would be don't sign away your publishing. Don't sign away your copyright. Read your contract and go to a lawyer before you sign anything.

What are you most looking forward to on the tour?

There is a band that is playing first called Trapt. I think they are a pretty cool band. They are pretty heavy. I like all of the bands on the bill—all of them. I'm familiar with all the other bands' music, but Trapt is new to me, so I'm looking forward to that.

Are you surprised Crüe has lasted this long?

The band itself? Mötley Crüe? No. But the people in the band? Yes! (*Laughs.*)

You've seen it all. So at this point do you know it all, or are you still learning?

I think I'm always learning. I think if you stop learning, you become old. My age is old, but my mind is still young and can absorb a lot.

At the Crüe Fest press conference you said seeing all the young bands made you feel old.

Old in the sense that I've been around awhile. Mötley has been around awhile. All the other guys should have chimed in and said it too. (*Laughs.*)

Please finish this sentence: Last time I had a groupie it was—

1986. Yeah!

How have groupies changed over the years?

They got older. There are a lot of new, young girls that may or may not become groupies. That depends on how they handle themselves. I won't be around to see it. I have a MySpace page, and a lot of the people who write in are really young. Some as young as 14.

Why do you think new generations of kids keep discovering Mötley Crüe?

I think, probably, the songs we write have longevity. There are quite a few classics like "Dr. Feelgood," "Live Wire" and "Shout at the Devil." I think they probably discovered Mommy and Daddy's old records—the old vinyl. The kids nowadays are into the vinyl, and that's cool. They like the low-fi stuff. I like it too. I hope they get back to recording with tape.

We're sitting in a room full of guitars. How many do you own?

There are about 20 guitars here. I have a few in my studio and a bunch more in storage—probably about 80 or 90 in all.

How many will you be taking on tour?

I'm taking three.

Why those?

This Fender is the best-sounding guitar for what we are doing. I use all of the guitars in this room when I record, but most don't leave the house. This one is a very expensive guitar. It's a 1962 Fender Stratocaster.

Is the Fender Strat the best-sounding guitar you own?

I have a lot of great-sounding guitars. For single-coil pickups I like Fender Stratocasters the best. With that guitar there, I hacked it up, and the people from Fender came to see me. They made me a couple of copies. That one is from 1970. I wish I had one from 1967. That's what [Jimi] Hendrix played at Woodstock.

How is your health?

I'm doing good. There are a lot of rumors going around that I need to be carried or taken by wheelchair to the stage. All that is bullshit! No, I'm sorry. I don't need that stuff. What I have, which everyone knows, is ankylosing spondylitis. I don't call it a disease. I call it an inconvenience. It does mess your body up. It's inevitable that if you got it, then your body is going to be fucked. There's no getting around it. I would like to move around a lot more onstage than I do and be more flexible than I am, but it is what it is. As long as the fingers keep working, I'm good. As a result of not being able to run around, I've been playing a lot better and more concentrated than ever.

What are some of your favorite tracks on the new CD *Saints of Los Angeles*?

One of the standout tracks for me is "White Trash Circus." Another song we're playing on the tour besides the title track is called "Mutherfucker of the Year." That's a great one. There are a few that really jump on the album. Then there are also some poppy ones that are really radio-friendly. Then there are some that are not so radio-friendly.

Do you ever see a time when there is no Mötley Crüe?

Yeah.

What will you do the day after the band ends?

Get buried. (*Laughs.*)

What do want written on your tombstone?

I've got two things planned. My tombstone will read: "As this writing fades, so will your memory of me." I'm going to die very much in debt. I'm going to buy a big chair, and I'm going to stick all my assets around me. That includes all my guitars and everything else. Then I'm going to pour gasoline all over everything and light myself on fire. When I go, I'm going to still owe money on the chair! (*Laughs.*) Is that fucked up or what?!

"Women! What can I say? Sometimes you don't know if you should just stone them or cut off their heads."

R.I.P. MINISTRY

AL JOURGENSEN, the godfather of industrial dance music, has decided to hang up his legendary band and call it a day after 26 years. That doesn't mean he's going away any time soon. We caught up with the musical madman to discuss the past, the President and the future of Halloween.

HUSTLER: Is this really the end of Ministry?

AL JOURGENSEN: That's done. I'm over it. Ministry takes up so much time. Every fucking release I have to spend six months talking to you knuckleheads in the press. Before that, it's six months of recording followed by six months of touring. That's 18 months out of my life, and I'm not getting any younger. That takes up too much time. I own a record label; I'm responsible for six other bands; I produce a shitload of other bands. I can get seven albums done a year if not doing Ministry.

Do you find it ironic that you're leaving at the same time as George W. Bush?

It's not ironic. That's planned, my friend. We are going off hand in hand.

How would you help Bush leave the White House?

I know this is going to be really controversial, but I think a **[CENSORED BY OUR LAWYERS]**. Not by me, so the Secret Service doesn't sweep down on me. But a **[CENSORED BY OUR LAWYERS]** would be good. If not that, then a good send-off would be a fucking big kick in the ass by whoever wins the election. "Get the fuck out of my house!"

Everything that guy has touched, he has ruined. How can you have an oil business in Texas and make it go bankrupt? How can you own the Texas Rangers and during his reign never have a winning season? How can he fucking get the job as governor of Texas and run the state from a surplus to a deficit? How can he fucking take the country, throw us into a couple of different wars and ruin the economy, ruin the fucking environment? Everything this guy has touched, he has fucking ruined. He's an idiot. We've all established that.

Who are you supporting in the 2008 Presidential election?

Well, I'm really bummed out because I was totally behind [Ohio Democratic Congressman Dennis] Kucinich. I tell you why: I mean his policies are okay, but that's not why. He's a little troll with a hot chick. She is so hot that he must be packing some serious pipe. I'm voting for the guy who's packing pipe. He's got to be at least 12 inches soft. Think about it: There is no way that a troll and a princess are going to get together unless the troll is packing pipe.

Since Kucinich has been out of the race, I'm trying to check how much pipe [Barack] Obama is packing. I don't think it's as much as Hillary [Clinton]. Hillary's probably got a big pipe. With Obama, I need to know his cock size first before I really commit.

You have a bit of a history with HUSTLER.

The HUSTLER [Christmas] party story. Timothy Leary and I were in Vegas for about

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

three days wasted on acid. After winning 50 grand on the shittiest blackjack hand ever, we flew from Vegas directly to the HUSTLER party at the Hilton [in Beverly Hills, California]. I was supposed to sit at Larry's table, but they ended up setting up another table because Tim forgot his invite, and it was a big rigamarole getting him in.

They put us at this little four-seat table. The waiters came by with these lobsters that were not cooked enough, so I fucking started a food fight with them. The table next to us was Sly's brother Frank Stallone, the Nelson Twins, Ron Jeremy and his girlfriend. They were watching, getting really aggravated with us.

Then Ron Jeremy comes up to me and says, "Aren't you the guy in Nine Inch Nails?"—which completely pissed me off. I just said, "Fuck you!" I threw away his lobster, pulled my pants down, jumped up on his table and started blowing myself.

The Nelson brothers were not happy about this. The reason I did it was because I thought they were chicks, and I was trying to impress "the ladies." I realized they were dudes and thought, *I ought to end this escapade now.*

I went into the bathroom to do coke, and this fucking guy kept asking me for coke. For some reason, maybe the coke or acid paranoia, I thought he was an FBI agent, so I pummeled him. Turns out he was the drummer in Drugs & Noses or Guns N' Roses [Steven Adler], whatever that band was. He was with some other guy, the porn sex star/Mötley Crüe guy Tommy Lee. I didn't know his name, and it was right when he was breaking up with Heather Locklear. So I go: "I've seen you on TV. I know you. You're like that Locklear guy." So he got mad, and there is a big fracas there too.

After that, security said, "That old guy [Leary] and that weirdo [Jourgensen] have to go." So they threw us out of the HUSTLER party. I climbed up to the second tier of the Hilton, and I shit in the fountain. Then they said they were calling the cops. Thank God our ride came just then. As we were leaving around the circular driveway, the cops were coming in.

You wonder why you haven't been invited back?

I want to be invited back. I love HUSTLER! That was just one bad night.

The *Cover Up* CD is billed as a Ministry "party album." What is a Ministry party?

I didn't think it would have to take three albums to get Bush out of office. It was all Bush, Bush politics, serious. People started to forget that Ministry could play. We are actually a good band. So we wanted to do a record that celebrates the fact that this idiot is finally leaving and let our hair down. What is a Ministry party? I thought the HUSTLER party was great. Shitting in fountains, starting food fights, doing acid and winning money in Vegas. That's a Ministry party.

How did you decide what songs to cover?

We go in the studio, drink a shitload of stuff, get drunk and start jamming. Whichever guy plays the riff closest actually sounding like the original. We went with that song. (*Laughs.*)

People think you're angry. What makes you happy, Al?

Everything does these days. I'm ecstatic. This is the best place in my life. I love my label; I love my wife; I love my puppies; I love my daughter. I'm Mr. Fucking Halftime at the Super Bowl, an "Up With People" guy. I'll be touring with Mariah Carey soon.

When you were a heroin addict and had a toe amputated, did you get to keep it?

No! I asked for it *(continued on page 103)*

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

IRON MAIDEN
Somewhere Back in Time—Best of: 1980-1989

The cream of the Maiden output is reprised on this balls-out collection. Highlights include "Can I Play With Madness," "The Trooper" and "Run to the Hills." Actually, the whole damn CD is nothing but highlights!

BAUHAUS
Go Away White

The "godfathers of goth" call it a day with this, their swan song: a stripped-down and haunting *rock* record. Would we expect anything less? A dark and lovely farewell to Peter Murphy, David J, Daniel Ash and Kevin Haskins—the true originators of the genre. Remember not to cry; it may make your black mascara run.

THE MELVINS
Nude With Boots

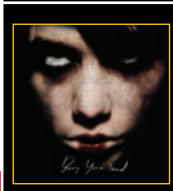
Now packing twice the power with two, count 'em, two drummers! The Melvins' sound is trashier and louder than ever as Buzz and the boys rock the shit out of their 41st album.

GOD'S REVOLVER
Little Black Horse, Where Are You Going With Your Dead Rider?

Imagine driving cross-country and your car breaks down in a ghost town. While you're waiting for a one-armed mechanic with a harelip to fix it, you score some mescaline from a female midget you find sexually attractive. Hours later you wake up naked in some bushes outside a church 100 miles away. Well, this CD is the soundtrack to that trip.

THEORY OF A DEADMAN
Scars & Souvenirs

This Vancouver trio offers up another nice slice of driving and driven power pop rock on its third CD. It's a solid follow-up to 2005's *Gasoline*, which features the hits "Santa Monica" and "No Surprise."

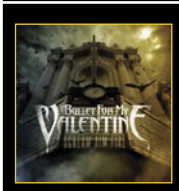


BURY YOUR DEAD
Bury Your Dead

"Pummel, pummel, pummel me some more! Kick me! Hit me! Beat me to the floor!" Sorry, I was just talking to this hooker. A brilliant and rocking arsenal of melodic metal, BYD's latest CD is perfect for your next hate fuck. *(continued on page 102)*

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

DEF LEPPARD
Songs From the Sparkle Lounge
This CD should have been titled *Rock of Ageless*. The ever-timeless band returns with another solid blast of sonic shrapnel. *Sparkle Lounge* would be a near-perfect affair if not for the too-slick duet with Tim McGraw on "Nine Lives."



BULLET FOR MY VALENTINE
Scream Aim Fire
AFI meets Iron Maiden. Anyone who thinks that metal can't rock and be catchy at the same time has never heard this band. We're not talking bullshit '80s hair metal here. This is straight-ahead British rock that pops!

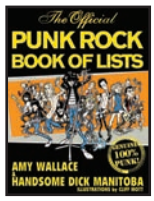
ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT
R.I.P.
The pure power and energy of one of California's best live bands is captured here on their final CD/DVD. Recorded on Halloween eve 2005, *Rocket From the Crypt* features "Ditch Digger" and other signature songs. Don't know RFTC? You better get hip!

OURS
Mercy
Produced by Rick Rubin and newly signed to his American Recordings label, veteran alt rockers Ours sound reborn on this, their third and best CD to date. Packed with tunes of longing and yearning, *Mercy* will remind you of Radiohead's *The Bends*.

SAHG
Sahg II
The sophomore release from Sahg rocks you to the deepest depths of hell. It has to. After all, Sahg is one of the hottest acts in the history of Norwegian death metal. Don't believe them? You argue it out. We're scared shitless of Norskis.

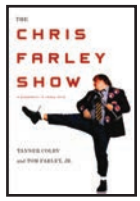
THE DEATHSET
The Deathset Worldwide
This Baltimore D.I.Y. duo creates their songs by fusing styles, sounds and influences into a seamless blend of punk/rock/funk fun. The end result is a bouillabaisse of stirring rhythms and sounds. *Mmmm*, tasty!

Books of the Dead

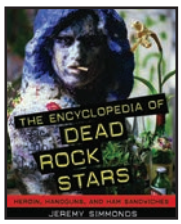


THE OFFICIAL PUNK ROCK BOOK OF LISTS
by Amy Wallace & Handsome Dick Manitoba
Think you're punk rock? Sorry, you're not on the list. This brilliant book compiled by Amy Wallace and Dictators frontman Handsome Dick Manitoba is billed as "Over 300 pages of useless entertainment." It features entries like "13 Things I've Stolen" (Sex Pistols' Steve Jones); "List of People I'd Like to Fuck" (Debbie Harry); plus 37 dead people!

THE CHRIS FARLEY SHOW
by Tanner Colby & Tom Farley Jr.



Sadly, the personal life of rotund *SNL* standout Chris Farley played more like a Greek tragedy than the comedy classics he was known for. Coauthored by his brother, this bio takes a look at the man behind the madness, providing a detailed and caring account of the contradictions that fueled Farley's funny.



THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEAD ROCK STARS
HEROIN, HANDGUNS AND HAM SANDWICHES
by Jeremy Simmonds
This morbid manuscript archives the lives (briefly) and deaths of a virtual who's who in music. Londoner Jeremy Simmonds has meticulously recounted all the final exits of legends and wannabes alike, be they shocking or just plain sad. Remember, it's better to burn out than fade away. Just ask Kurt Cobain.

Reading? Now that is scary! These tomes—not tombs!—are worth checking out.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEAD ROCK STARS
CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Here's our special Halloween treat for you. We've got five copies of *The Encyclopedia of Dead Rock Stars* to give away! For your chance to win one, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy—or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to The Encyclopedia of Dead Rock Stars, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) YES☐ NO☐

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐Cartoons ☐Articles ☐Video Reviews

☐Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐ Other: _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by November 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

MINISTRY R.I.P.
(continued from page 101)

back, and the fuckers wouldn't give it to me! I stepped on a used needle and made my toe inflamed. I hate fucking doctors, so I didn't go. When I finally went into the hospital, they were like, "Dude, that's got to come off right now." So they took it off. Then I was like, "Where is it?" They said it had to be sent to the CDC [Centers for Disease Control and Prevention] in Atlanta for tests.

I'm like, "Give me my toe back!" I wanted to make an earring or necklace out of it. I'm still pissed about them having my toe somewhere. They probably threw it out, which sucks! If so, I want someone else's toe. They owe me a toe.

Are goth groupies superior to regular groupies?

No. They're way more neurotic. They're way into reading you poetry and shit that they have written before you fuck them. It's not like the old rock groupies, where you just bend them over the back of a fucking station wagon. These girls all want some kind of quality art time with you, and it's not cool.

Do you have any good groupie stories?

None at all. I'm not going there with you. Nice try. I just don't want to be named in paternity suits, so I'm not saying shit. (*Laughs.*)

Is every day still Halloween for you?

(*Laughs.*) No, because Halloween has completely sold out. It's the crappiest holiday that we have. It's a complete consumption/consumerism fake holiday. I'd rather run bare naked with the fucking Equinox people at Stonehenge and have orgies and shit than have to deal with handing out candies to a bunch of snotty little kids on Halloween.

What do kids who trick-or-treat at your house get?

They get a good dressing down and a coupla pieces of fucking candy with acid in it.

What Halloween costumes did you wear as a kid?

I didn't. I was a vandal who just went out and trashed shit. I think I had a Batman costume once when I was nine, but I took that off because I was afraid I'd get caught while vandalizing. Someone would go, "It's the guy in the Batman costume. He did it!" It was better to be stealth to throw things at houses and cars than to wear costumes and get laced candies from old cranky people like me.

Are you into horror flicks?

I just did one [*Wicked Lake*] about four lesbian vampires cutting dicks off. I did the soundtrack for

it and play a perverted art professor who is a total hippie. The first scene in the movie they scan to me and realize I'm not really reading an art book because I have a HUSTLER inside, and I'm looking at pussies and ass. It really wasn't a stretch for me to act in this movie.

Do you want to do more acting?

Only if Larry will ask me. I'm there, dude. I would love to do porn. I would love to do regular acting. I would love to do soundtracks. I do it all. I don't give a shit. I do whatever seems fun for that day.

What would your porn name be?

I'm Buck Satan. Maybe Fuck Satan.

What epitaph should be inscribed on your tombstone?

"Don't Come Back!" Because if I come back, I'll be pissed, and you don't want to see that. ■

New Horrifying Halloween Classics

DVD Distractions

GRIZZLY PARK

Maybe watching this film will make you a bit uncomfortable in the wake of the recent movie-star bear attack. You know, the one involving the grizzly that wrestled Will Ferrell in *Semi-Pro* and later killed its trainer. Or maybe watching unsuspecting campers getting devoured by a bear is something you'll dig. We sure did.

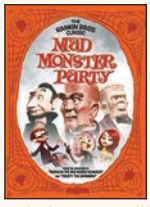
AUTOMATON TRANSFUSION

Here's a zombie film even George A. Romero would be proud of. The U.S. Army has begun the process of bringing people back to life for the purpose of using them as soldiers. The testing takes a horrific turn as the zombies rebel and take over a small town. This bloody gorefest reaches new heights (and lows) of bloodshed and extreme onscreen violence. Even better, there's gratuitous nudity to boot.

DEAD BOYS: RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD BOYS

For one night only, Halloween 1986, the gods of punk rock rose from the dead for a monumental New York City concert. With a special intro by Joey Ramone, this great documentary features some of the only existing footage of Stiv Bators and the boys in action.

MAD MONSTER PARTY



Arthur Rankin Jr. and Jules Bass were responsible for all those beloved puppet-animation holiday specials (1964's *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* and 1974's *The Year Without a Santa Claus*) that we still enjoy year after year. Their one and only full-length feature film was *Mad Monster Party*, a 1969 Halloween opus featuring the voices of Boris Karloff and Phyllis Diller.

KORN: LIVE FROM MONTREUX 2004

You all want a single? Fuck that! This raw, high-energy, 75-minute DVD captures Korn with original lineup intact at the height of their powers. The boys from Bakersfield rip through 13 of their best and stunning covers, notably Pink Floyd's "Another Brick in the Wall" and Metallica's "One."

HITMAN

Based on the popular video game of the same name, this sleek and stylish film is one unbelievable thrill ride. Plus, actress Olga Kurylenko has an ass that just won't quit.

SWEENEY TODD: THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET

A musical starring Johnny Depp and the guy who played Borat (Sacha Baron Cohen)? Scary! In the hands of director Tim Burton, the story of a malicious barber who slices and dices his customers with a straight razor so that his lady friend (portrayed by Helena Bonham Carter) can turn them into meat pies has been rejuvenated as a modern musical masterpiece.

DARK FUNERAL: ATTERA ORBIS TERRARUM PART 1

This DVD is so macabre and loud, it makes Skinny Puppy sound like Barry Manilow. There is none more black than the black metal of Sweden's black metal gods.

CRISS ANGEL: MINDFREAK, SEASON 3

Master illusionist Criss Angel: Men want to be him; women want to fuck him. This, the third season of his hit show, features more of the mind-bending showman's best.

Movie Mammaries

HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST HALLOWEEN HOOTERS

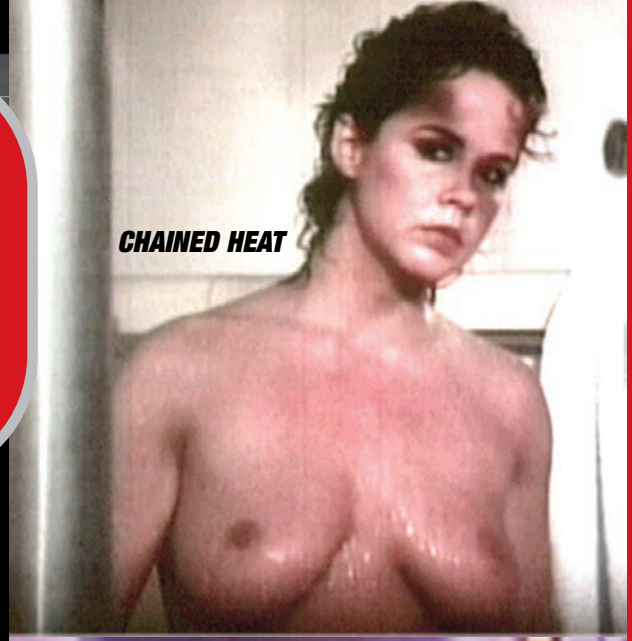
ONE HELLUVA BODY OF WORK

Linda Blair may not be the hottest thing in Hollywood, but the diminutive actress/animal activist sure does try real hard. Starting with her shocking portrayal of Regan, a teenager possessed by the devil in the original *The Exorcist* (1973), Blair has always been willing to take chances on film. Thankfully for movie buffs, most of the highlights of her risqué résumé involve copious amounts of nudity.

Blair's bountiful breasts made an auspicious debut during several jailhouse showers in the ultrahot women-in-prison classic *Chained Heat* (1983). Next came *Night Patrol* (1984), a screwball comedy packed with a who's who of has-beens, including **Pat Morita**, **Billy Barty** and **The Unknown Comic**. This schlockfest is only worth watching for the bedroom scene in which a laughing Linda shows off her "true talents." Back in 1984 she also offered another prolonged peek at her lovely flotation devices during a topless tub scene in *Savage Streets*. *Red Heat* (1985) has Miss Blair back where she truly belongs—in another epic female prison flick. This one is easily our favorite. Not only is *Red Heat* loaded with the requisite shower scenes and topless catfights, but it also features a sizzling lesbian romp with Blair and Dutch hottie **Sylvia Kristel**.

Blair's illustrious bosom-baring career took a five-year hiatus that ended with *Bedroom Eyes 2* (1990), which features a blitz of sumptuous tits. Finally, in *Fatal Blonde* (1992), Linda lasciviously rides a male costar to the throes of orgasm.

Give yourself a treat by renting these must-see Linda Blair movies this Halloween.

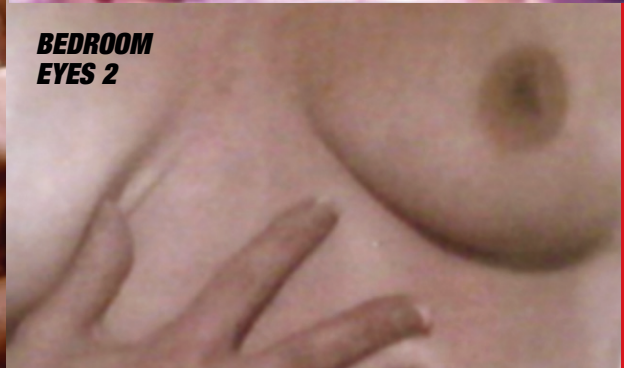

CHAINED HEAT

SAVAGE STREETS

Rent These NOW!

FATAL BLONDE

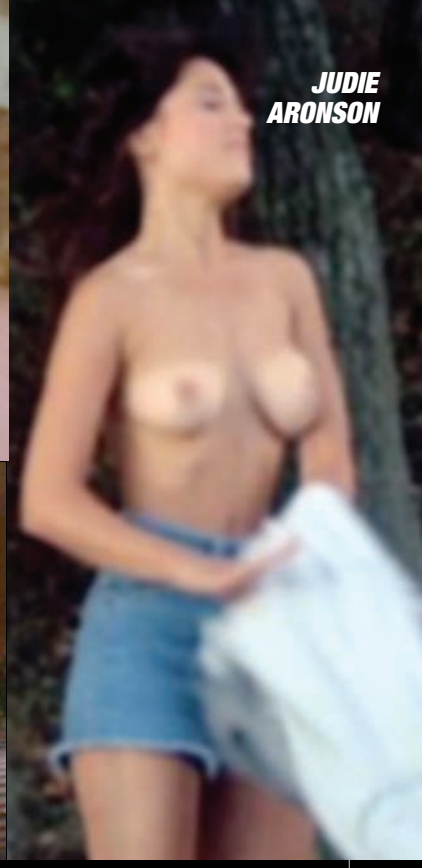
RED HEAT


BEDROOM EYES 2

MICHELLE CLUNIE

CAMILLA MORE

JULIETTE CUMMINS


JUDIE ARONSON

ODESSA MUNROE

JEANNINE TAYLOR

TANIA MARO

KAYE PENAFLOR

KIRSTEN BAKER

DEBI SUE VOORHEES

FRIDAY THE 13TH: FLESHTASTIC!

Throughout *Friday the 13th*'s 20-plus years of sequels, prequels and new storylines, this long-running glut of horror films has always been good for gore, suspense and a healthy dose of nudity. We especially dig those innocent, skinny-dipping teenagers at Camp Crystal Lake!

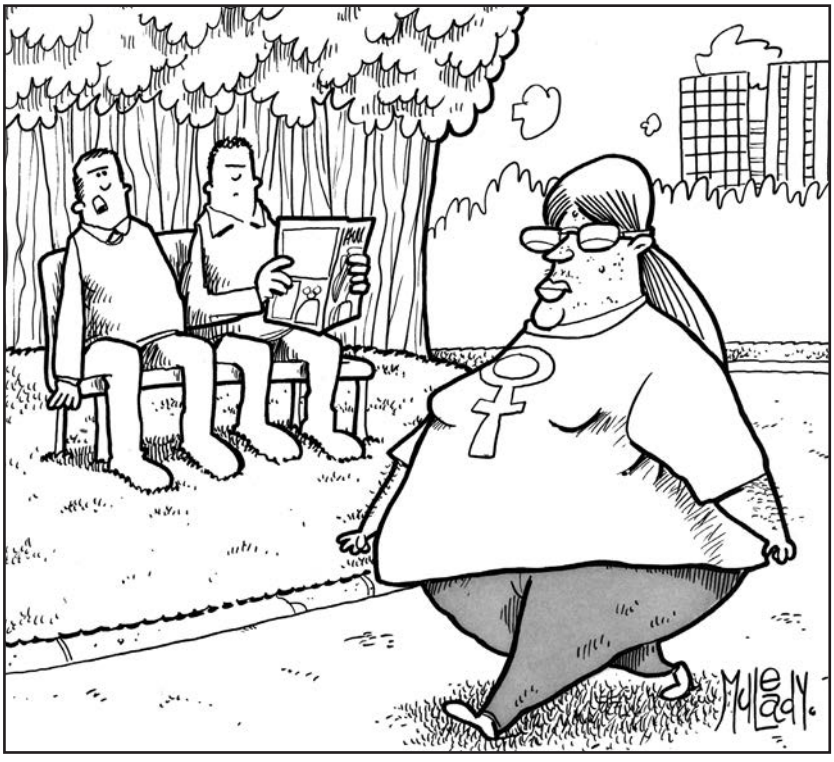
The original *Friday the 13th* (1980) set the standard for topless violence when young **Jeannine Taylor** is sliced and diced after a bedroom tryst with a young **Kevin Bacon**. In *Friday the 13th Part 2* (1981), Jason's bare-breasted victim of choice is **Kirsten Baker**, who meets with the wrong end of a machete after a late-night skinny-dip. This brutality was followed by **Tracie Savage** (now a veteran TV and radio newsanchor) getting gutted after a sexy shower soap-up in *Friday the 13th Part III* (1982).

Meanwhile, the incorrectly titled *Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter* (1984) serves up a duo of delicious dolls to ogle. Butt-naked **Judie Aronson** and **Camilla More** cavort in Crystal Lake while the sun is shining and at night. Drop-dead-gorgeous **Debi Sue Voorhees** from *Friday the 13th: A New Beginning* (1985) is our favorite hockey-masked madman victim thanks to a pair of huge, natural breasts and her incredibly convincing demonstration of simulated sex. The film also showcases **Juliette Cummins** and her tiny-but-still-adorable titties. Other notable tatas are splashed in *Friday the 13th Part VII: The New Blood* (1988) courtesy of **Heidi Kozak**—yet another babe taking an ill-fated, late-night skinny-dip—and **Elizabeth Kaitan**, who's topless in a cabin.

Need more nubile flesh? Then check out *Jason Goes to Hell: The Final Friday* (1993) to catch **Michelle Clunie** being impaled by a machete during a sexual romp and **Kathryn Atwood** getting naked for no reason at all. *Jason X* (2001) is another winner, as it features **Tania Maro** and **Kaye Penaflor** flashing their perfect pairs. Finally, there's *Freddy vs. Jason* (2003), which offers **Odessa Munroe**'s enlarged funbags in all their glory. These killer flicks are sure to have you unsheathing your own weapon.

Remember, HUSTLER faithfully delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' wishes. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***.

"We'd like to visit someplace nice where President Bush hasn't made the people there want to kill us."



"Your typical homely, overweight feminist makes our job of objectifying women that much harder because they're so fucking ugly!"

(continued from page 57) retired from the movement to go into humanitarian work. I felt then, and still feel, that the peace movement had come to a brick wall. There's no unity in the movement. There is a lot of unity locally in communities. I'm not saying we never disagree, but we're all united around these very few points, and that's what the peace movement [as a whole] has to do.

My race here in San Francisco is one of the most important races in U.S. history. It will throw a cog into the war machine, throw a cog into the established status quo and create a populist movement. I think that a lot of antiwar people, during Presidential elections, stop their peace-and-justice activism to start working for a candidate they think is going to cure their ills. That hasn't worked the past two election cycles.

It's a mistake to put so much energy and resources into the Presidential race when the Republican and Democratic candidates are basically the candidates the corporations have chosen for us to vote on. We don't have a true choice when it comes to that national office. Pour your energy into local candidates working for peace and accountability; that's how you're going to make a difference.

Thomas Jefferson said, "The government that has the most authority over you should be the one that is closest to you." That would either be your city council, your county supervisors or your Congressional representative.

The federal government has too much power over us, and we have the least amount of say in what goes on at that level. So we have to concentrate more on local politicians. If you have honest people with courage and integrity, you will truly have a check and balance on an executive branch that's gone way out of control.

What is your long-term goal?

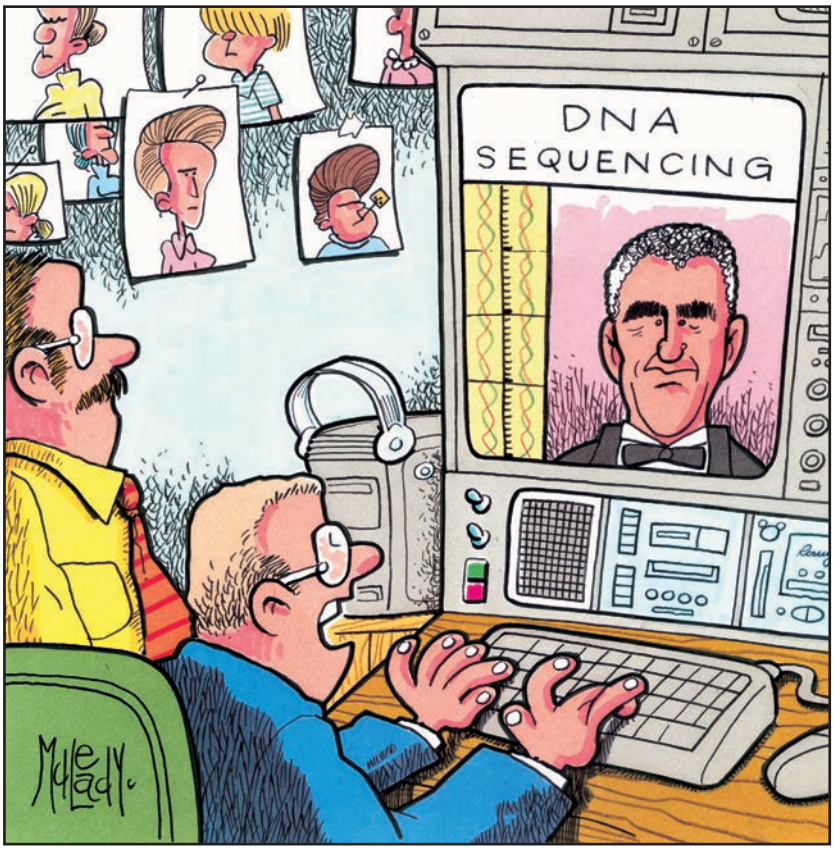
What we desperately need in this country is more political parties that are effective and relevant. While we're running this race as "decline to state," our goal would be to gather leading figures in third-party movements. The two-party system only works to suppress democracy and oppress the people's voices. We need an alternative because Democrats and Republicans aren't really in opposition.

It's great for Ralph Nader [independent] and Cynthia McKinney [Green Party] and other third-party people to be in the debate, constantly raising the issues that the main parties won't, but separately they're never going to be relevant. If we could work together for a party that would truly represent the people and not the corporate interest, and do it in a way that is strategic, I think we could get together a national party that would be relevant. We need a third party and a fourth party. The more parties, the better the democracy.

For more information on Cindy Sheehan and her campaign, go to CindyForCongress.com.

HILLARY AND DICK CHENEY GO DUCK HUNTING

"There are the usual 'Go Fuck Yourself' notes, three turds and a cartoon of you being cornholed by a gorilla."



"The DNA results for those 400 polygamist sect Mormon kids indicate that their father is Frederic von Anhalt, Zsa Zsa Gabor's husband."

(continued from page 81) I'm a stockbroker, and she's a dominatrix, so it's not a wholesome relationship. I did get to kiss the girl in that one.

Asia is very good. When I first met her on set, she was sitting there in her robe with a can of beer in her hand with a napkin around it and a straw. I don't know why, but the straw is what did it for me. Any girl that's gonna drink a can of beer with a straw is pretty sexy.

When are you going to do *Sin City 2*?

The whole *Sin City* thing was kind of an accident. I had read the script early on and wanted to play Marv, but I didn't know that Robert Rodriguez [co-director with Frank Miller] was pretty stuck on Mickey [Rourke] for the part—for good reason, because Mickey was fantastic. I think Mickey and I are the only two guys in the world that could have played Marv. So when I finally met Robert at the afterparty of *Kill Bill*, he was starting *Sin City*, and I said, "Man, how come I'm not in the movie?"

"You want to be in it?" he asked. "But you probably want to play Marv, but Mickey is going to do that."

Robert then offered me the role of Bob. I said, "There's nothing in here for me to do." Then he reminded me that I would get to shoot Bruce Willis. He said if the film worked out and the film made any money, he'd give me a bigger role in the sequel. I don't really know what's going to happen.

Tell us about *Hell Ride*.

It took us four years to get this movie made. It was written and directed by Larry Bishop, son of late Rat Packer Joey Bishop, and it is a bitchin', badass motorcycle movie. It's meant to be a trilogy. Quentin Tarantino is presenting the movie, and he cut the film. I'm a pretty harsh critic of myself as well as other people, and I think for my money it's pretty good. David Carradine and Dennis Hopper are in it. I drive a badass red chopper. My character's name is The Gent. I ride around in a tuxedo. One of the better experiences I've ever had.

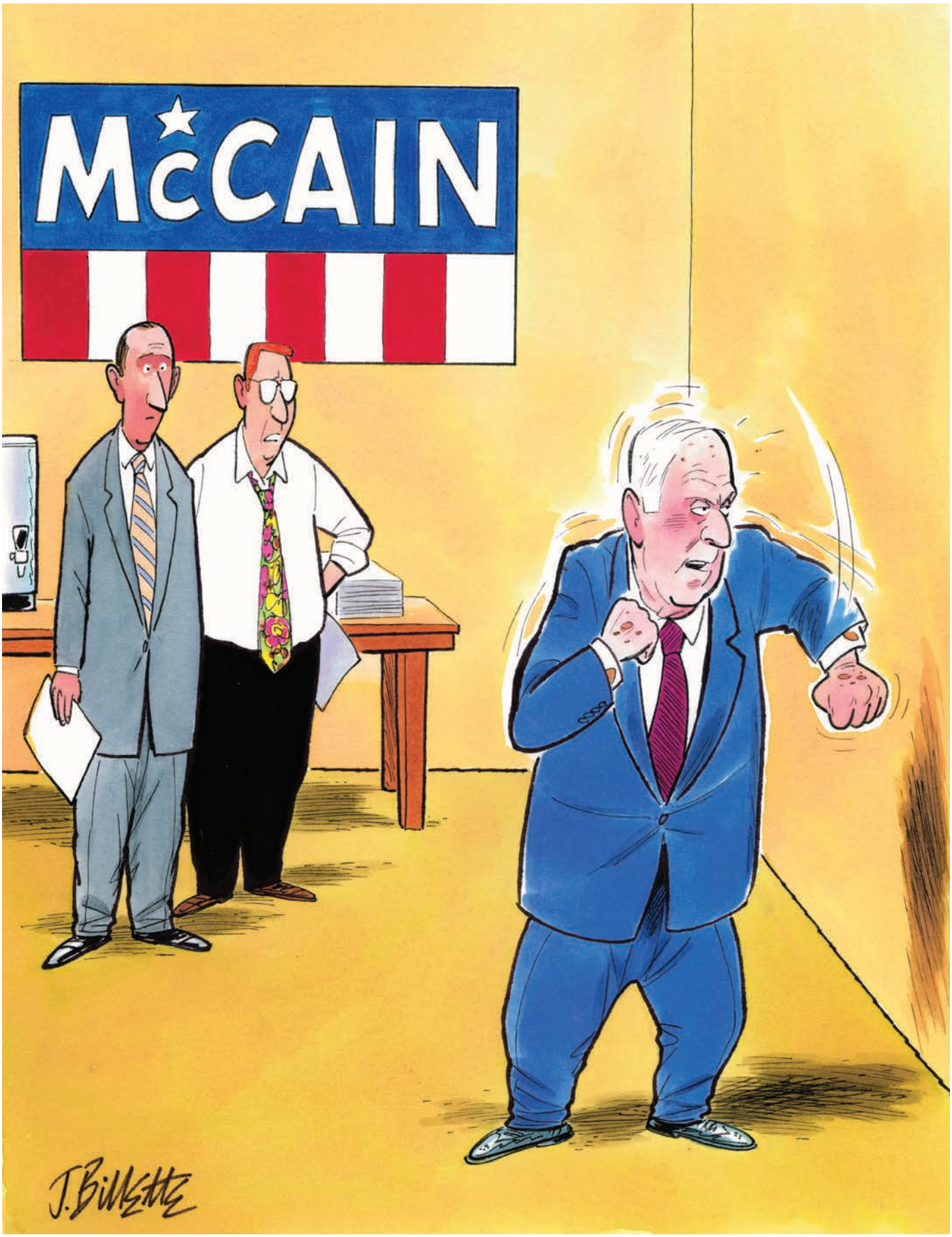
Are you political?

I think actors should keep their noses out of politics. I find it kind of bizarre when actors get such a high opinion of themselves, they actually believe that their opinions of political matters mean something. It's pompous to me. Besides that, I'm a convicted felon, so I can't vote.

What would you be doing if you weren't an actor?

I'd be racing cars, or I'd be in jail. I had this same conversation with Dennis Hopper not too long ago. We were sitting there talking about acting. I'm droning on about what a rough life it is and about how disappointing it can be. I said, "I don't know, Dennis. Maybe I should have been a carpenter."

And he goes, "Ha-ha! Jesus was a carpenter and look what happened to him, man." I guess it's true that whatever you decide to do in this life, it's not going to be okay every day.



"Not only does the senator have imaginary friends,
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

BEWITCHED AND BEWILDERED

SAMANTHA

This shoot was very exciting," sexy Samantha coos, "but not for the reasons you might think. I had to climb up into this 300-year-old barn that looked like it was going to collapse at any time. The wood was all rotted. Since this was my first major magazine spread, I didn't want to tell anyone how scared I was. Well, at least I didn't get any splinters or break my neck!"

Hailing from the Czech Republic, Samantha has now fulfilled a longtime fantasy. "I have always wanted to do this," the babe reveals. "My life has been about taking chances and trying everything, especially when it comes to sex. You can say I'm very daring. I get off fucking in public places. I don't know why, but the possibility of being caught in the act makes me come every time."

SAMANTHA'S VITAL FACTS:
HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 118

Looking ahead, Samantha vows, “I’d love to do porn films as soon as possible. I’m hoping to move to America and live in a nice house, where I’ll be paid to fuck all day. How could that not be every girl’s dream? Maybe I’m *too* horny, but I don’t think I could ever get tired of screwing handsome men and licking pretty girls. And to think you can make money doing that? Wow! Count me in!”

"Ohhhhh, that was great, with lots of breast stimulation and thrust!
But y'know, the second time lacked passion and energy."

PHOTO BY SEAN K. MEHRA

A frustrated reject at the inner sanctum of that notorious bastion of aristocratic conspiracy, the Order of Skull & Bones.

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

Secret Societies: Worth All the Fuss?

UNDERGRAD **MIKE ZINK** JUST MIGHT GUZZLE GOAT'S BLOOD AND MASTURBATE IN A COFFIN TO BECOME A MEMBER OF **YALE UNIVERSITY**'S RULING ELITE…IF ONLY THEY'D LET HIM.

Few institutions are more unique to, and more inseparable from, the Yale University experience than our secret societies. Although they fuel much gossip and speculation on news programs and conspiracy Web sites across the country, to us the societies are a familiar part of campus life. We encounter their scattered meeting places as we hurry between equally pointless discussion sections, their windowless-tomb facades silently charging the air around them with an aura of mystery and intrigue.

Toward the middle of April, we see the chosen few being herded around by black-cloaked figures and forced to perform a series of bizarre and humiliating tasks before finally being allowed into the rarefied (if somewhat musty) air of the society tomb. How I wish I were among them!

It pains me to see the conflicted attitudes that many of my colleagues hold toward Yale's secret societies. They love to talk about what they perceive to be the silly mythology surrounding the societies and giggle through screenings of *The Skulls*. They tell me that while they're wary of the rampant elitism of the society system, they would surely join if they got into one of the really good ones. Not one of my colleagues seems to be particularly excited at the prospect of masturbating in a coffin while reciting his sexual history to a chorus of shrieking seniors donning grotesque animal masks.

I'm not like those people. I don't delude myself about the secret-society experience. Rather, I take it for what it is: a great way to meet interesting new people, participate in some neat Satanic rituals and engage in a nefarious global conspiracy of unspeakable proportions.

Of course, there is a good deal of misinformation about what Yale's secret societies actually do. I've often heard that societies are relatively tame organizations whose members spend much of their time giving "biographies," a dressed-up term for sitting around and telling each other their life stories—but this is obviously a myth made up to placate outsiders. If it were true, then secret-society membership would be so unbearably tedious that the current seniors would do best to stop bringing in new recruits out of mercy.

I have several talents that will prove invaluable to any malignant, ritualistic cabal bent on world domination.

That I am able to see through this sham is a testament to my potential as a secret-society member. Yes, my sparse array of life experiences and meaningful connections would make me something of a "project," but I have several talents that will prove invaluable to any malignant, ritualistic cabal bent on world domination. I've been told that I wear flowing black cloaks incredibly well and that I have a good, loud voice for shouting obscenities and profaning various deities.

I also have a strong predisposition toward nepotism; phrases like "old boys club" and "backroom deal" thrill me in ways that I cannot fully explain. I'm looking forward to pledging my undying allegiance to whatever god, conspiracy or supernatural force that my prospective secret society specifies. I know that each society has its favorite, be it the Bavarian Illuminati, Satan, Eulogia or a giant, anthropomorphic crab-god. I'm not picky. So long as it's evil, it's fine by me.

Just as workplaces value enthusiasm in their new college recruits, so too should secret societies select only those who show the right mind-set for their undertakings. For instance, I imagine that many people would be squeamish about the "branding" process, during which a particular society's symbol is burned into each neophyte's skin with a hot iron. But I look at the big picture. I know that if I undergo this excruciating ordeal, then a year down the road it will be my turn to inflict pain on others—a prospect that brings me no small amount of pleasure.

On the topic of rituals, I know that each society has a well-established set, but after so many years they could use some freshening up. Fortunately for that society wise enough to tap me, I would be glad to apply my not-inconsiderable ingenuity to devise exciting new ceremonies.

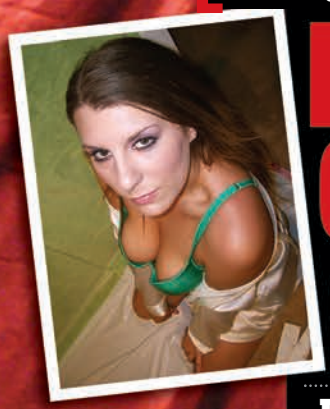
In fact, I've thought of a few already. It might be fun, for example, if we all stripped naked and bathed in the blood of a freshly slaughtered pig while shouting the Preamble to the United States Constitution backwards. Alternately, we could strap goat horns to our heads and prance around whispering elaborate blasphemies in each other's ears while the head of the proceedings—wearing a lifelike Mother Theresa mask—reads aloud the most profane passages of *The Satanic Verses*. Another of my ideas involves a cat-o'-nine-tails, avocados, Saran Wrap and an assortment of major holy texts, but my editor tells me that it is far too obscene to print.

Oh, did I mention to you guys that I'm a columnist for the *Yale Daily News*? Please let me into your secret society.

Michael Zink is a junior at Yale University's Saybrook College.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow instructions in entry form on page 149 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.



Real College Girls

Rose Ryder: University of North Florida

"I sometimes dream about doing dirty things to get good grades," admits Rose, 23, a junior majoring in communications at the University of North Florida. But it appears that the Jacksonville resident may never have to resort to such devious behavior. "I do a good job keeping my grades up," purrs ravishing Ms. Ryder, whose extracurricular activities include shopping, quilting, online networking, ballroom dancing and one that brought her our way and inevitably keeps something else up.

As the hostess of her own provocative Web site, the 5-foot-6 Sunshine Stater commands more attention than any professor, varsity jock or cheerleader. "I used to be nerdy, but now I love my body and am very comfortable in my own skin," Rose reckons. "I get so turned on knowing that other people are seeing me naked!"

And when it comes to the nitty-gritty, the "friendly and talkative" coed is a boudoir valedictorian. "I love to please all fetishes," Rose asserts, "and one of mine is being dominated. I love it when a man can passionately squeeze, firmly hold, gently touch, lightly pull and know how to push all the right places. I want a guy to make me squirm to the point I push him away. Playing a little hard to get always makes the sex more intense."

Yes, Rose Ryder has risen to the occasion. In this election year she gets our vote for student body right!

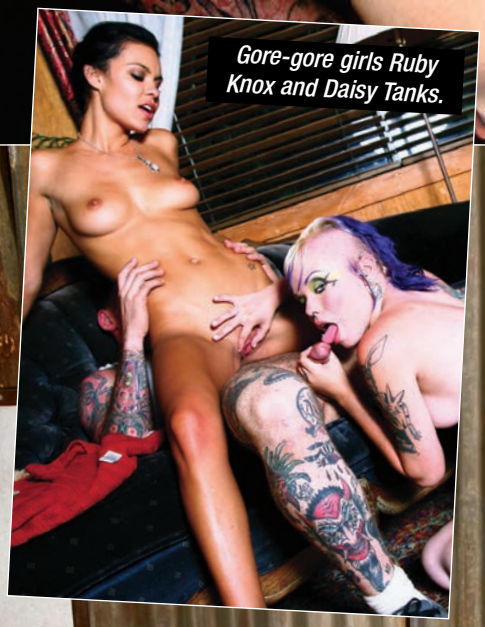
—Photos by Rose Ryder & Friend

"And the award for Best Faked Orgasm in a Fucked-up Marriage goes to…"

Messin' with **Texas**: Roxy DeVille awaits her fate as Jamie Elle savors some Rotten sausage.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON



Gore-gore girls Ruby Knox and Daisy Tanks.

Killin' it: Roxy DeVille gets **Massacre**'d.

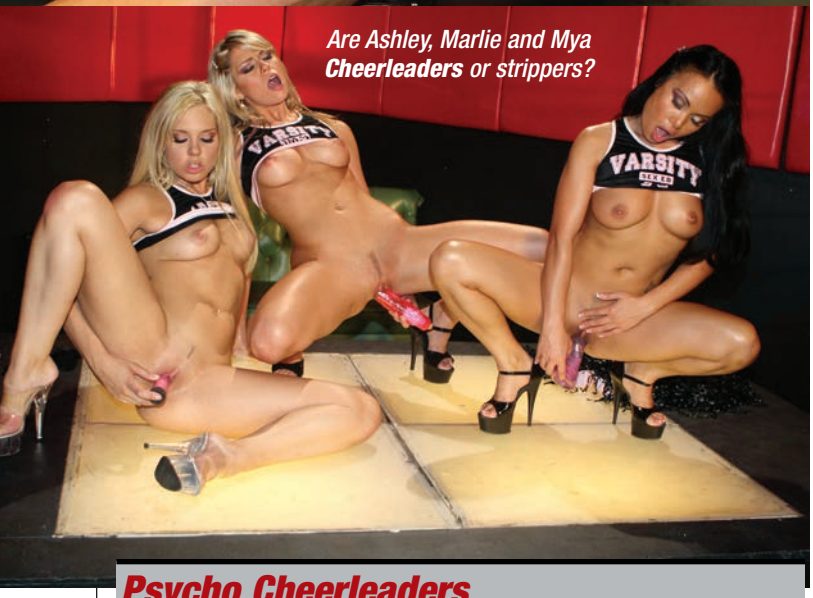
The Texas Vibrator Massacre

LOADED DIGITAL/METRO INTERACTIVE. DIRECTOR: ROB ROTTEN. STARRING: ROXY DEVILLE, DAISY TANKS, JAMIE ELLE, RUBY KNOX, BELLA LYNN, JACK VEGAS, SETH DICKENS, ERIC SWISS & ROB ROTTEN.

Rob Rotten's re-imagining of the classic '70s shocker *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* features top-notch camerawork by Jim Powers and excessive, blood-drenched fucking with some of the hottest "unsung" babes in the biz: rocker girl Roxy DeVille, punk pixie Daisy Tanks and baby doll Jamie Elle. The production is moody, perverted and detailed throughout, with twisted touches like Daisy's predilection for dismembered dolls and Jamie's hypnotizing lollipops. The story is simple: Some guys and gals traveling through Texas in a van run into a family of oversexed, flesh-eating psychos wielding fuck machines of death. If you like not knowing whether a chick is screaming in ecstasy or excruciating pain, this is your flick. By the way, Powers and Rotten's punk epic *Little Runaway #2*—which we previewed in our May '08 issue—is now on the streets and stars our new favorite bad seed, Daisy Tanks. Get it or die horribly. ***—M.J.***

***Psycho**'s Sophie Dee takes one for the team.*

*Double dose of **Afrodiziac:** Jayden Simone and Marie Luv kick in fast.*



*Are Ashley, Marlie and Mya **Cheerleaders** or strippers?*

*Who needs Viagra? Stacy Adams is **Afrodiziac**'s potent remedy.*

Psycho Cheerleaders

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: MARK STONE. STARRING: ASHLEY STEEL, MARLIE MOORE, MYA LUANNA, REBECCA LANE, RICKI WHITE, RILEY EVANS, SOPHIE DEE, STEPHANIE CANE, ALAN STAFFORD, ALEX SANDERS, JACK VENICE, LEE STONE & VOODOO.

With its promising title and box cover, we were hoping this pom-pom pic would make up for last month's disappointing *Cheerleaders*. Unfortunately, the titular *Psycho* refers to girls sitting on a pervo shrink's couch and telling batty sex stories that backflash to by-the-numbers sex scenes. And we thought we'd get some mayhem, special effects and a short-skirted squad gone wild! Oh, well. On the plus side, the chicks are worth a look, even if you'd never believe they were cheerleaders for anything other than a smut company's softball team. Maybe we're being too critical. Maybe the important thing here is that the girls have handy pom-pom dildos and know where to stick 'em. ***—M.J.***

Afrodiziac

TERAVISION/VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: MARIE LUV, STACY ADAMS, JAYDEN SIMONE, ANGEL EYES, VANESSA MONET, MARCOS LEON, JACK LAWRENCE, JAY LASSITER, SCOTT LYONS & MIKEY BUTDERS.

Not long ago we said *Taking Memphis* was the black title to get. Now we're saying trade that one in for this scorcher! Director Axel Braun's delirious black-crack attack is full of glistening mahogany skin, luscious lips, cream-filled cooze and popped poop chutes. Lanky Vanessa Monet, done up in glittery eyeshadow and hoop earrings, kicks off the blistering reel with a nasty-ass anal. Elsewhere, bosomy Stacy Adams delivers a tit-fucking turn with more soul than a shoe store. And what cracker with a bad case of jungle fever from watching too much blaxploitation wouldn't pop to Marie Luv in a platinum-blond afro and a cock deep in her tight little ass? Great performances, fun makeup and ultrapro camerawork combine to make *Afrodiziac* a ghettolicious gonzo classic! ***—M.J.***

*Maya Hills: Sex and the **Dark City**.*

***Dark City** dames Karlie Montana and Ava Rose swap secrets.*

***Afro** fox Marie Luv is the drug.*

*Femme fatale Ava Rose meets **Dark City**'s private dick.*

Dark City

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ETHAN KANE. STARRING: AVA ROSE, MAYA HILLS, FAITH LEON, PAULINA JAMES, VICTORIA SIN, KARLIE MONTANA, ASHLYNN PAGE, MARIE LUV, TOMMY GUNN, JAY LASSITER, BEN ENGLISH, DIRTY HARRY, TEE REEL, D. SWASHER, CHAD & RON JEREMY.

Don't be fooled by the slick packaging. Sure, *Dark City* is a valiant attempt to mount a '40s-style porn noir, but it's basically a lame Sam Spade parody with mediocre sex. Ava Rose is the femme fatale, Tommy Gunn is the private dick, Maya Hills is his dippy secretary, and Ron Jeremy (yep, he's still alive) is Ava's ruthless husband. The characters are constantly warning us that "something bad is going to happen." How right they are. Everyone does their best to fuck in character, but in the end, some moody lighting and retro costumes don't distract enough from the dreadful acting and lackluster smut. But we still love ya, dolls; we know it ain't your fault. ***—M.J.***

Madison Young indulges her inner **Whore.**

There's a **Whore Within** Bobbi Starr.

The Whore Within Me

DIGITAL SIN. DIRECTOR: VISUAL BLURR. STARRING: BOBBI STARR, LORELEI LEE, LEIGHLANI RED, ADRIANNA NICOLE, MADISON YOUNG, STEVE HOLMES, JON JON, CHRISTIAN, MARK ASHLEY, ALEX GONZ & DIRTY HARRY.

We were kind of hoping this would be a creepy flick about a woman possessed by the spirit of a crazed porn star. Turns out it's just another neo-gonzo title whose ambitions are bigger than the talent involved. The hokey confessionals get monotonous, especially since they're all aimed at forcing these "respectable" women (teachers, housewives, etc.) to admit that, yes, they are indeed whores. Shocking! At best, this is an okay nod to the look and style of porn's "golden age." And we'll admit, the sex scenes display some urgency. The anal reaming is merciless, and the "whores" turn in stellar performances. There's enough whack-off opportunity for your cash, but all told, *The Whore Within Me* is just another sleazy DVD from some people who had a mattress in the basement. **—M.J.**

Lana Croft and Priva lead the **Invasian!**

Tia Ling in **Invasian** of the Cock Snatchers.

Invasian! #3

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: TIA TANAKA, MYA LUANNA, LUCY THAI, TIA LING, LANA CROFT, PRIVA, CHARMANE STAR, BRETT ROCKMAN, JUAN CUBA, SCOTT LYONS, STEVE HOLMES, ARNOLD SCHWARZENPECKER, JERRY & JULES JORDAN.

In the near future, incredibly efficient aliens will take over Earth and enslave everyone. The good news is they'll look like hot young Asian chicks. That doesn't really have anything to do with this movie, except for the part about hot young Asian chicks. *Invasian! #3* features Jules Jordan's usual acute sense of what we want to see: big dicks pounding cute little women. Ain't it great the way Asian girls grimace like sex is uncomfortable but obligatory? And the way they look embarrassed when semen splatters their sweet faces? There are too many boobjobs here for a true Asian flick, but Jordan makes up for it with plenty of double penetration, Mya Luanna's first anal scene and the nut-bustingly cute Tia Tanaka. That's right, we overused the word *cute* in this review. Blame it on those ridiculously cute aliens! **—M.J.**

VINTAGE SMUT SPOTLIGHT

OLD VAMPS NEVER DIE: '90S PORN LEGENDS PATRICIA KENNEDY, CAROLINE MONROE AND TONISHA MILLS ARE STILL BLOODTHIRSTY.

Ejacula Lives!

Bottle blondes with pointy teeth, studs in capes, blowjobs in caskets—what more could you want for Halloween? VCA Classics has rereleased a bunch of early-'90s vampire-porn flicks that really suck. *Ejacula* and *Ejacula #2* are milestones of bad taste and vintage boobjobs that you have to see to believe. (Let's face it: No one wants to hear "What? You've never seen *Ejacula*?") Patricia Kennedy plays the lead femme with the right touch of icy camp. Rounding out the cast are chesty legends Caroline Monroe, Lynn LeMay and Tonisha Mills (who eerily resembles Paris Hilton with huge knockers). There's even a more-repulsive-than-usual performance by Ron Jeremy as the bug-eating Renfield. *Ejacula* is so tacky, it's scary. We dare you to let it run in the background while you hand out candy. ***—M.J.***

HALLOWEEN DVD GIVEAWAY

Congrats to the winners of our last two DVD giveaways! Now, just in time for Halloween, you can have a crack at winning *Ejacula* and *Ejacula #2* along with four other hard-core rereleases from the VCA Classics series: *Vampirass*, *Princess Seka* and *The Best of John Holmes Vols. 1 & 2*. Just follow the instructions below and offer up your prayers to the Prince of Darkness (that second part is optional).

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐ Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video Reviews

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RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 21 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by October 6, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by applicable law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. Upon request, the winner shall sign a personal release for such use, and a certification of age eligibility and residence in the continental U.S. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. HUSTLER will contact the winner at his/her address specified in the entry form and provide the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. LFP Publishing Group, LLC will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. In the event that the stated prize cannot be provided, the winner will receive a prize of equivalent value. The drawing is open to anyone over 21 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

Munster Mash!

The stars and skeleton crew of HUSTLER's ***This Ain't the Munsters XXX*** work the graveyard shift to reel off a scorching follow-up to smash-hit TV spoof ***Not the Bradys XXX***.

ADMIT IT: You always wondered what Lily and Herman Munster looked like doing it. At a sweltering studio in downtown L.A., director Anton Slayer and his cast and crew endured a grueling week to make that "nightmare" come true. Each Munster spent up to three hours a day getting plastered with green makeup from head to toe. By midnight the fog-filled set was still echoing with ecstatic screams to wake the dead. For rocker icon Roxy DeVille, playing Lily Munster was sheer destiny. "When they asked me to do it, I said of course!" Roxy recalled. "The Munsters were my religion!" Slayer and writer Jeff Thill were committed to making their spin-off look, sound and feel like a "lost *Munsters* episode." Cast as daughter Marilyn, stunning newcomer Shawna Leneé ignited the set. As the perfect good egg who turns into a maniac in the sack, Shawna made even the jaded porn pros stop and stare like zombies. Now it's your turn. Happy Halloween! *—M.J.*

Back from the dead: Grandpa (Gavin Wells), Herman (Lee Stone), Eddie (Trent Soluri), Lily (Roxy DeVille) and Marilyn (Shawna Leneé).

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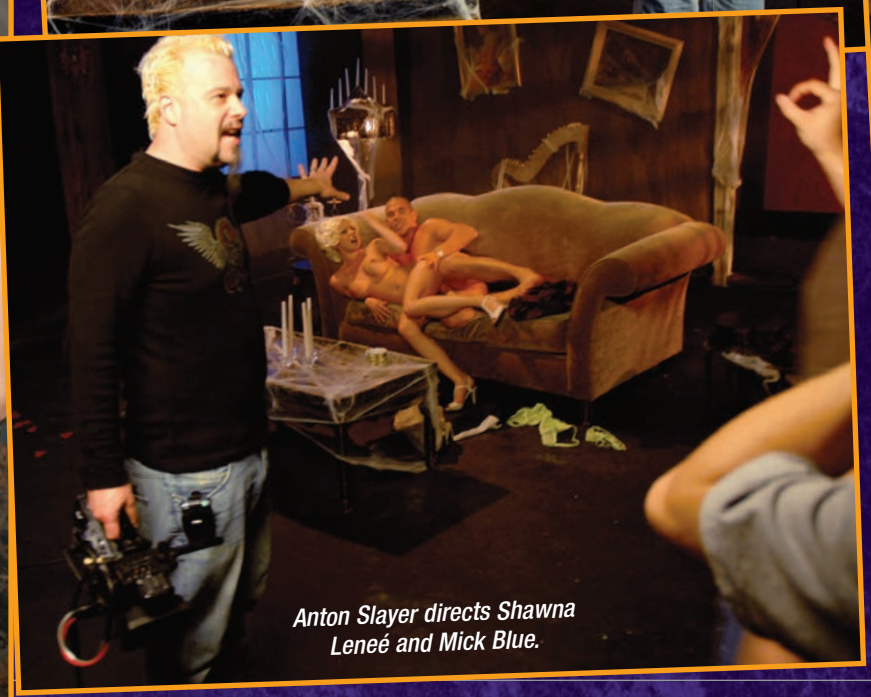
*Angela Stone gets political in HUSTLER's **Gov Love: The Eliot Splitz-her Story.***

A real script! Lee Stone and Jenna Haze.



Anton Slayer directs Shawna Leneé and Mick Blue.

Roxy DeVille: Halloween eye candy.

Jenna Haze hangs around between takes.

THIS WAY FOR MORE MUNSTERS

This Ain't the Munsters XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAPA BURBANK

Lily & Herman

In our wildest dreams, we never conceived that life at 1313 Mockingbird Lane was ever like this! Is it possible that the Munsters were into some hot, kinky action? Just check out these exclusive images from HUSTLER Video's outrageous new DVD *This Ain't the Munsters XXX*.

This hard-core spoof of the ghoulish '60s sitcom brings back all your favorites—Herman, Lily, Eddie, Marilyn and Grandpa—in ways you would never have imagined. Director Anton Slayer went all out to lift porn parody to a shocking and unexpected level. His attention to detail in set construction, costuming and makeup is incredible.

Played by foxy Roxy DeVille, Lily Munster nearly shakes off her body paint as she hooks up with hubby Herman (Lee Stone). Watching her take Herman's spike into her mouth and pussy makes us green with envy.

R·I·P

Eddie

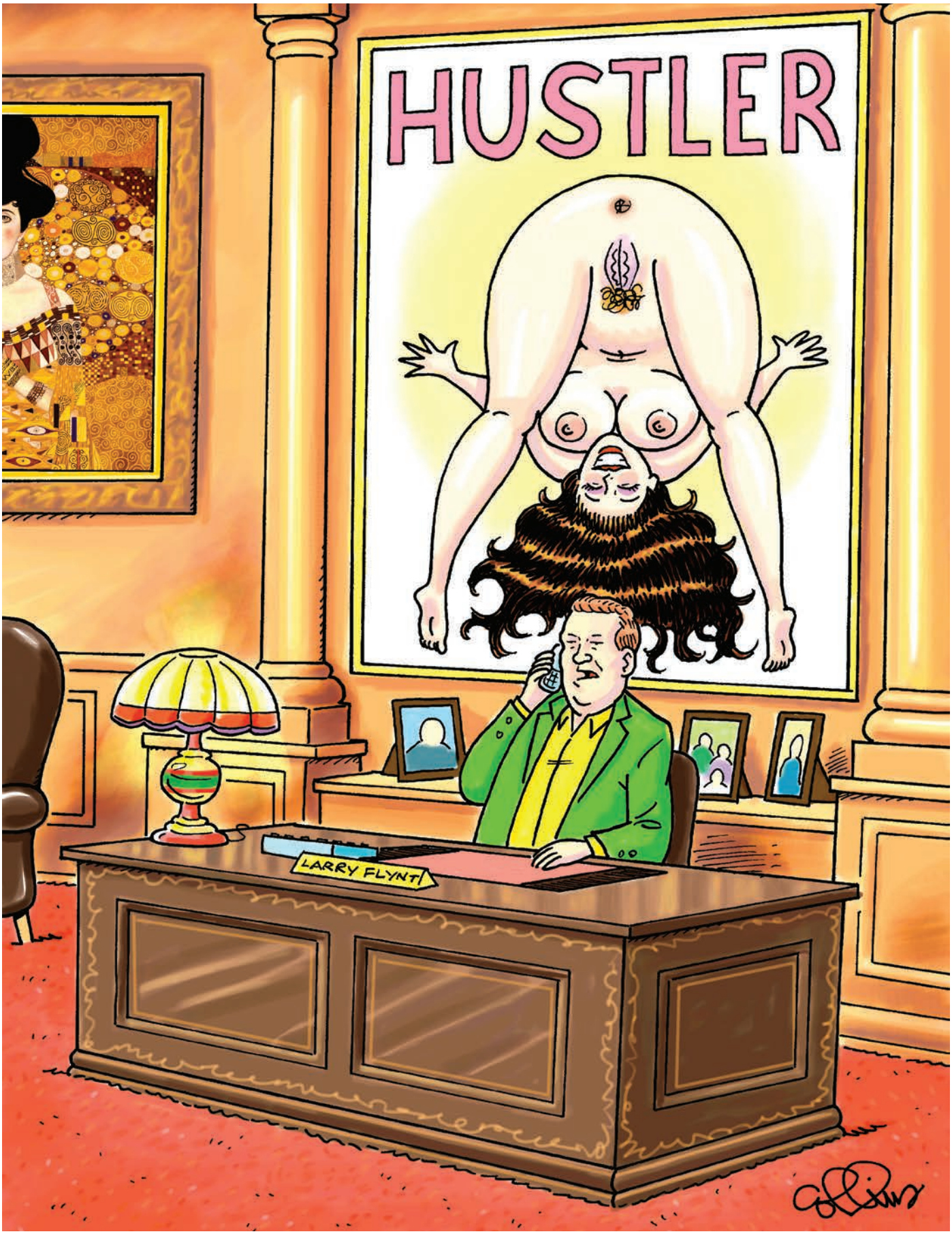
Meanwhile, Eddie (Trent Soluri)—the bad boy of the Munster clan—gets to be sucked and fucked by a gaggle of goth girls and punk rock princesses. Not bad for a batty boy with a puny bat.

Marilyn

In the TV series, Marilyn was always the outcast of the Munster family. The big joke was that the undeniably gorgeous blonde was the ugly one. Shawna Leneé (our September '08 covergirl) handles the part—not to mention several male parts—like a trouper.

What could be a better treat this Halloween than to watch *This Ain't The Munsters XXX*?

To order *This Ain't the Munsters XXX*, call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com.



"Naked pictures of Ann Coulter?! I may be a smut peddler,
but I have standards too!"

HALLOWEEN ISSUE

MORIANNA

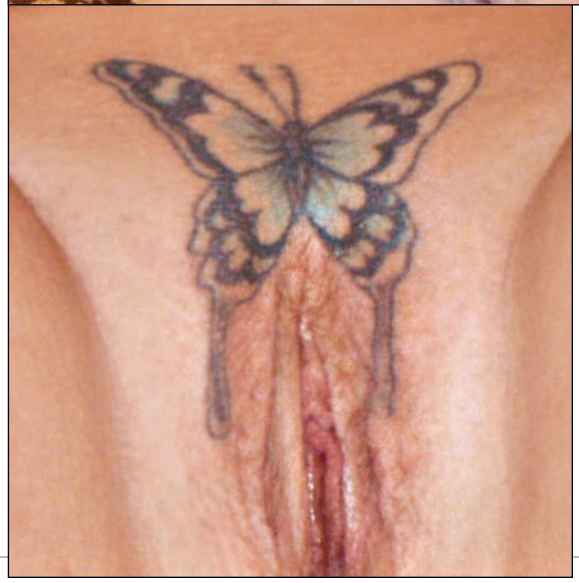
Making a timely curtain call is our favorite adorable, charming and nymphomaniacal Insane Clown Posse accolyte. As if the Bloomington, Indiana, denizen wasn't worship-worthy before, Morianna has now attained fertility goddess status. "I'm the mother of twin boys," the quintessential Juggalette proudly proclaims. We've dug up some pre-MILF pics appropos for Halloween, but if the 5-foot-4 hottie's wish comes true—"And I really love coming," Mori assures us—she'll be back soon to celebrate her deuces-are-wild birthday with a gaggle of brand-new enchanting images. —Photos by Husband

"These pics are dedicated to all the Juggalos out there who read HUSTLER. Much Clown Love!"

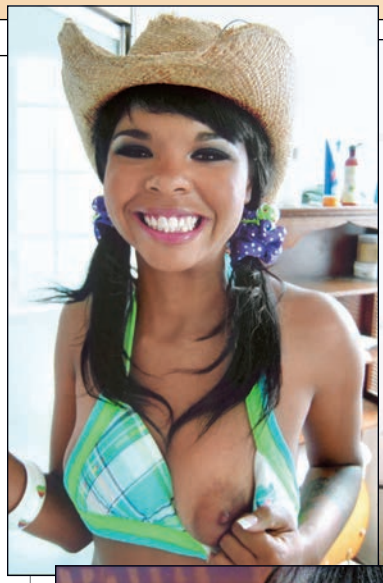
BOO

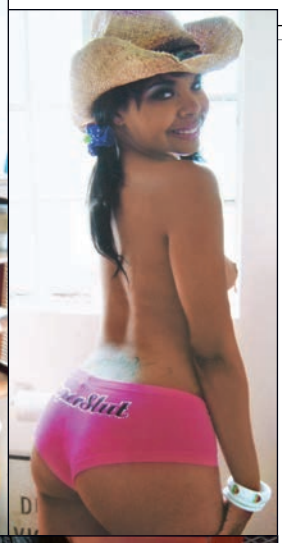
Her name is uttered frequently around Halloween, so it wasn't by coincidence that we invited this amply endowed Amarillo, Texas, housewife to join our latest coven of bewitching mag virgins. "Sending off naked pictures seemed exciting," marvels Boo, 31, not that she's short on excitement. "I'm down for basically anything," the 38D-cupper hoots. "What really gets me off is doggy-style sex and having my ass spanked. I also enjoy exchanging pleasure with lots of hot, sexy girls." Even though 25 of them already grace her 5-foot-5 bod, Boo harbors a tasty and colorful fantasy: "I want to have my pussy eaten while I get another tattoo at the local parlor." —Photos by Husband

"I want hubby and other women to fly to my pussy!"



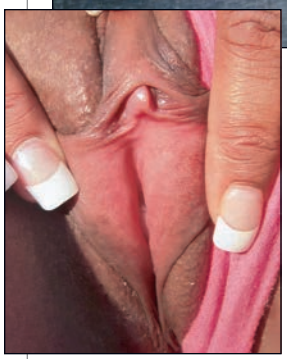
EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN





"I hope to someday be DP'd and become the ultimate gonzo butt-fuck!"

JESSE



"What could be more liberating than having men fantasizing about you in a cool magazine?" reasons this 20-year-old Texan, who now hangs her hat in Riverside, California. A chili master, Jesse is prepping for culinary school, but the 5-foot-4 chef in training also cooks outside the kitchen. "I'm really into cunnilingus, fellatio and rough sex," avows the articulate tart, whose well-rounded pastimes include "avant garde music, stellar books, surfing, jogging and riding my bike at the beach." Not surprisingly, Jesse is often "naked as a jaybird" when serving dinner for her beau. "I'm the dessert!" squeals the Rolling Stones fan, who tops off her sizzling HUSTLER entree with a dash of H.G. Wells: "My most far-out fantasy is to hop inside a wacky time machine and make crazy love to Mick Jagger circa 1969." —Photos by Boyfriend

KRISSI

"I may look innocent and naive," purrs this Superman and Detroit Pistons worshiper from Roseville, Michigan, "but believe me, inside I'm very freaky." Shucks, that makes Krissi, 25—whose vocation is shucking her duds at titty bars and bachelor parties—another ideal Halloween Issue delight. Denied a shot at disrobing on a sidewalk for Larry Flynt during a 2007 jaunt to California—"He was in a hurry!"—the 5-foot-3 travel, boating and shopping buff can now hold court for his loyal readers and assert, "My biggest interest is sex, sex and more sex. I love oral, anal and everything else with guys and girls, especially getting fucked and eaten out from behind." Capricious Krissi is one upfront babe. —Photos by Friend

"Sex in a haunted house would make Halloween fucking awesome!"

RACHEL

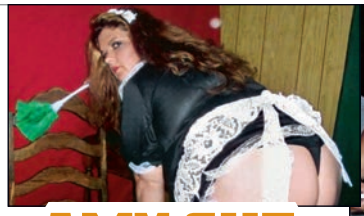
Displaying eye-opening evening attire, a smidgen of her "monster toy collection" and the whole enchilada was a no-brainer for this "happy, contented MILF" from Fort Madison, Iowa. "I like being naked," Rachel understates, "but you can't get away with it everywhere." Come November 8, the fishing, motorcyling and bingo fancier will turn 29, but turning on others and herself is a perpetual endeavor. "I'm always ready and willing to please my man," the 5-foot-2 neophyte affirms. "Being very kinky, I'll try anything with him. And even though we have lots of amazing sex, I masturbate every other day at least. I have no complaints about life as a nympho! Can a girl from Iowa become a porn star? I hope so." Happy birthday, Rachel! —Photos by Husband and Two Friends

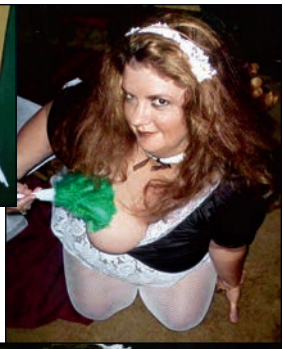
"Having sex on a bed in the window of a mall furniture store would be sweet. Shoppers passing by could watch!"

"I love having hot sex on my hot bike."

VICKIE

"I've always wanted to pose for some nude pictures at least once in my lifetime," reckons this 39-year-old bloodsucker from Gaylesville, Alabama. Hey, have no fear. Vickie isn't a vampire, although the 5-foot-10 motorcyling, four-wheeling and gardening devotee digs necking and what ensues. She's a phlebotomist—a medical tech who draws blood. Also an "aggressive seductress" with a "healthy sex life," Vickie fantasizes about "having sexual contact with two guys." Now *that's* Southern hospitality! —Photos by Husband





AMY SUE

Donning a popular Halloween costume, this "hot grandma" from Miamisburg, Ohio, declares, "It would be a dream-come-true to be in HUSTLER. I'm not camera-shy." Nor is Amy Sue, 43—a NASCAR and motorcycling enthusiast—reluctant to hide her amorous bent. "I'm wild and kinky," the 5-foot-6 libertine reveals. "I can't get enough sex. I'm in my prime!" Coming clean, Amy Sue adds, "Ever since I started driving, my pussy gets wet whenever I see a construction crew on the side of the road. I dream about being swept off my feet by a young stud, who'll be wearing only his boots, orange vest and hardhat as he pounds me in the ass." —Photos by Friend

EMILY

Asked why she sent us nude pics, this 5-foot-2 working mom from Marinette, Wisconsin, coos, "Because my momma said no. I'm rebellious!" Also exceptionally frisky, Emily, 22, confides, "At home, when I'm not taking care of my three sons—yes, three babies came out of my tiny, little body—I like to get myself off with a vibrator, but only when my girlfriend isn't around. I love pussy! I go back and forth with guys, so a good, hard dick is nice too. Riding it gets me off best, but being bent over a countertop or chair on my tippy toes also works." The "big fan" of Bone Thugs-n-Harmony wraps up with a ribald fantasy: "When I masturbate, I think of two hot, tiny blondes with big boobs licking my pussy till I come. Then one straps on a ten-inch dildo and fucks me hard and deep while I lick the other one's pussy till we all get off!" What a munchkiny MILF! —Photos by Friend

"With a girl or a guy, I like being fucked hard and deep! But I always keep a vibrator handy on nights I sleep alone."

JAYDEN

"I want to get my name out there," chirps Jayden Daniels, 22, a stripper and aspiring video vixen out of Price, Utah. "I like being naked. Even when I was younger, I had a hard time keeping my clothes on." Totally out there when it comes to her rampant erotic inclinations, the 5-foot-6, 34DD discovery of *Beaver Hunt* legacy Misty Haze fesses up, "I'm pretty wild and very bi. I'm into multiple partners, even orgies, and I have a periodic table with all the positions. I love trying to figure out how to do them. My latest accomplishment was having sex while a dude was driving." Befriending Jayden is advisable.

—Photos by MistysXXXgirls.com

"My fantasy is a threesome with Pamela Anderson and Metallica's James Hetfield."

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

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Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

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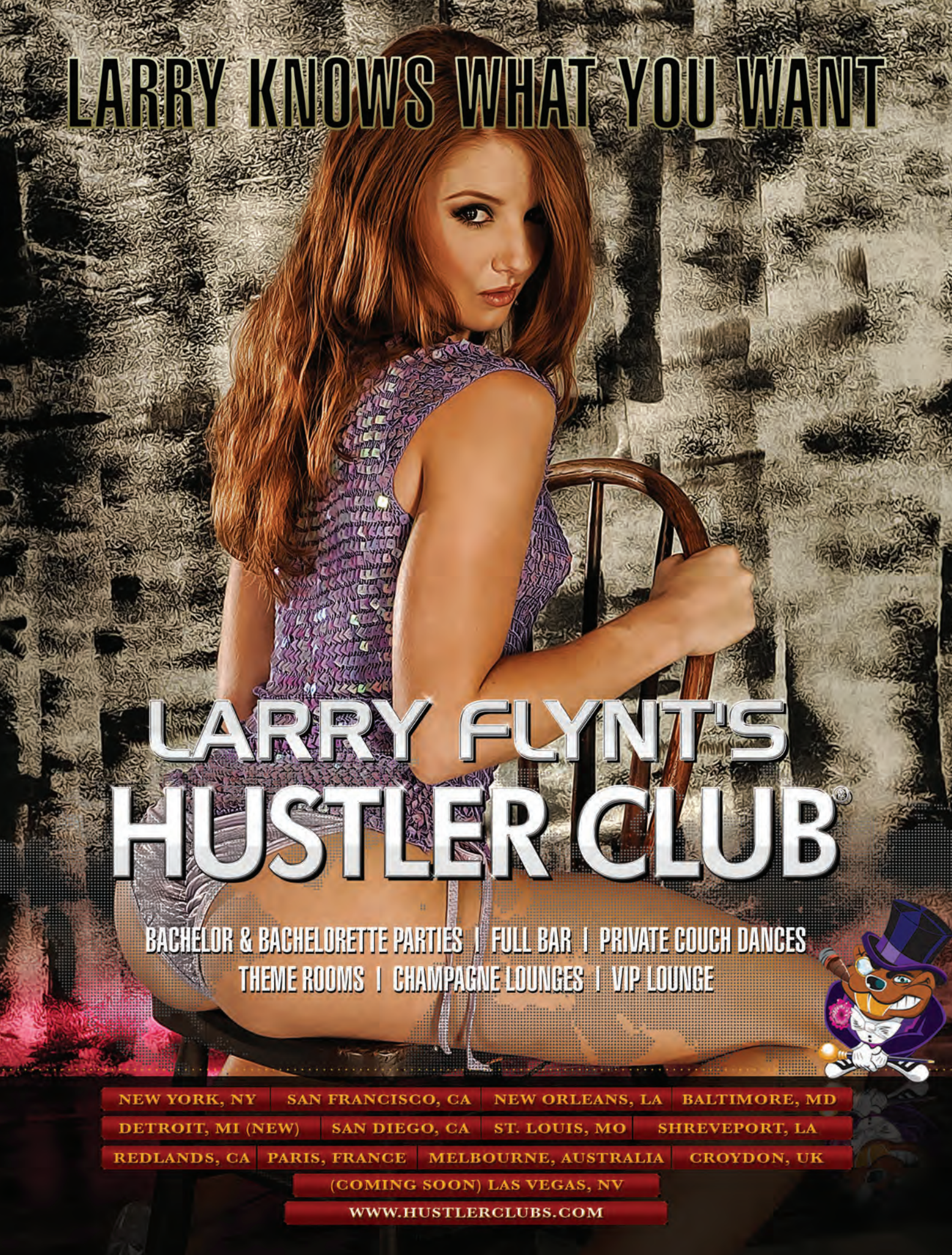
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

VERONICA DA SOUZA & GINA

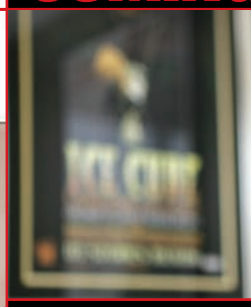
This Halloween we want to tell you a tale of dark passions run amok. It's a story so frightening that it will make your blood run cold, so dark that it will cause even the toughest man among us to scream like a girl.

Our yarn unfolds in a creepy old mansion perched on top of a desolate mountain, where a menacing and mysterious—yet incredibly gorgeous—witch (**Veronica da Souza**) resides in utter seclusion. Legend has it that somewhere deep in the catacombs of the sorceress's lair lies a dungeon with a sole prisoner: her sex slave (**Gina**). There the mean mistress of the house forces the submissive wench to please her day and night with oral sex and other carnal delights.

What's so scary about these two hotties getting it on? Well, nothing really—except (cue scary music) they apparently don't need a guy! Boo! Scary! That's right. Their desire for man meat has been replaced by swirling tongues, vibrators and immense dildos! Imagine a world where we are no longer needed for sex. Now *that's* too horrifying to even think about.

See **Veronica da Souza** in *The Harder They Cum #1*, *The Porn Identity*, *Riding the Curves* and *The Professianals #1* and *#6* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

COMING NEXT MONTH



ICE CUBE CHILLS

The king of hip-hop raps with Music Editor Keith Valcourt about bitches, bling and bangin' tunes.

VOTER SURVIVAL GUIDE

THE Q&A: GORE VIDAL

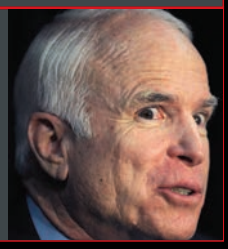
The legendary writer and historian muses on the Republican politics of fear, media collaborators and our options for the future. Interview by Bruce David & Mark Johnson.

RANDI RHODES: VOTE FOR OBAMA—AND SAVE THE U.S.

The outspoken radio talk show hostess shouts a warning to the world: You can turn the tide, save democracy and stop the powermongers if you *think*, *act* and *vote!*

STRAIGHT TALK ON JOHN McCAIN

Stop! If you're even considering throwing your vote at the GOP Presidential candidate, read his Senate voting record! We've found plenty of reasons not to pull the lever for McCain.



CHRIS FARLEY

Radio superstar Mancow Muller relates his firsthand personal story of the sweaty, irrepressible comic genius from *Saturday Night Live*—and of watching helplessly as his friend's life spiraled into a coke-fueled, booze-soaked disaster.

KISS 'N' TELL

You've seen the notorious sex tape with KISS frontman Gene Simmons and an incredibly hot babe. Now meet the bloated rocker's squeeze, Traci Anna Koval, whose story and pics will make you want to rock 'n' roll all ni-i-ight and party ev-v-v-ery day!

DORK KNIGHT

The always-wacky Noel Anderson sends up the Caped Crusader's latest incarnation in an outrageous comic strip. You'll cowl—er, *howl*—with laughter at our mad movie spoof.

Vanesa

The December '08 HUSTLER goes on sale September 16, 2008. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.